FLEW LAWRENCE IN WAR-CRAZED ARABIA

BY CAPTAIN JOHN H. NORTON

JAN. 20, 1934

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JANUARY 20, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 3

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TOO MUCH LAW BRINGS LAWLESSNESS

LAWS! Laws!! When will the engulfing stream slacken? Overwhelm us it will unless an effective remedy is found!

Ex-Secretary Hughes once referred to our lawmaking bodies as " law factories," turning out thousands of laws every year, still further complicating our legal problems.

Even seasoned attorneys with a lifetime spent in study have to refer to their legal library when attempting to interpret legal enactments. Can you blame the ordinary layman if he is lacking in such knowledge?

And yet the judicial opinion often expressed when one is on trial for an offense is that a lack of knowledge of the law is no excuse.

Can any one imagine anything more ridiculous?

How can an ordinary citizen be expected to know the law when even members of the legal profession are puzzled?

It is probably no exaggeration to say that ninety per cent of the laws that now make up our legal libraries are needless complications.

Almost any legislation that attempts to remedy an existing injustice would be unnecessary if the fundamental principles of justice known as common law were made operative.

Making laws has become a mania with us. Every member of our lawmaking bodies craves the honor of having a law recorded that bears his name as the author.

Fame and honor come to those who make our laws!

Though the real appalling need at this time is not more laws but greater effort by our officials to enforce the laws already made. If existing laws were properly and effectively enforced there would be no need for additional legal restrictions.

Take one situation that is very much in the public eye at this time. Some years ago a Pure Food Law was recorded which accomplished an incalculable amount of benefit. But if the general principles of common law had been applied to the manufacture and sale of food products there would have been no necessity for this law. The sale of misbranded, defective, or adulterated foods should be considered a crime under this fundamental law. If we had had a dependable system of law enforcement there would have been no necessity for the Pure Food Law.

At the present time we have before Congress a bill that further complicates the legal restrictions in the sale of foods and drugs. They are all unnecessary. The enforcement of the principles of common law would effectively take care of this emergency.

But whenever any difficulty arises we can only see one remedy for it. Every so-called emergency is supposed to require a new law. Rarely does it occur to our legislators that old laws properly construed in accordance with the principles of justice would be effective.

If we were to go back to the Ten Commandments and to the general principles of law as expounded by Blackstone, and if we were to burn every law book that records the thousands of legal restrictions that were enacted after our country was definitely organized, many complications that bar the way to justice would be removed.

What we need is less lawmaking and more law enforcement! Law enforcement does not confer high honors upon officials. It simply represents the performance of a definite duty.

And if honors could be conferred on those who find a different application for laws already made, it would probably be found that the fundamental principles that guided the making of our legal records in the beginning of our national life would give us all the laws that we need.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 4

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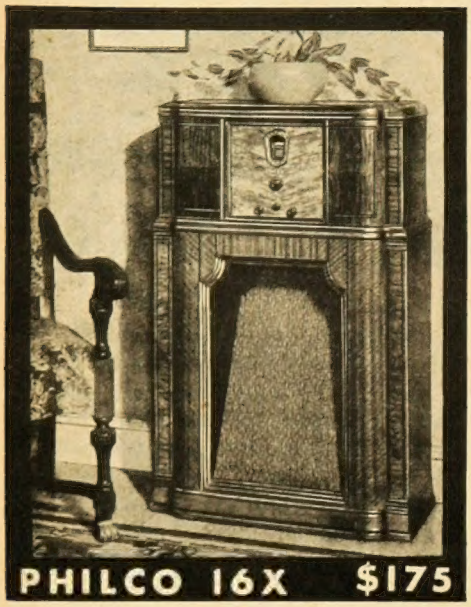

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CONTENTS

Editorial 3

Beginning
I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia
CAPTAIN JOHN H. NORTON 5
as told to J. B. L. LAWRENCE
An air fighter's own story of desert thrills in the "Big Parade's" strangest adventure in blood, danger, and death

The Case of the Howling Dog—*Part II*
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 12

Twenty Questions 19

Barrister, Bar Sinister, and Beau Brummell
Movie Reviews ..... BEVERLY HILLS 20

The Men in Ruth Chatterton's Life
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 22
A glimpse within the charmed circle of "Hollywood's Real Siren"—By what magic has she enthralled and inspired so many male celebrities?

The Fly and the Bicycles—*A puzzle*
F. GREGORY HARTSWICK 26

Let's Have Less Imagination—*A story* ..... JEROME BARRY 28

New York Must Clean House! ..... F. H. LAGUARDIA 36
No longer can the city flourish without the respect of the nation, says its dynamic new mayor

The Show Goes On—*A story* ..... HELEN AUGUR 40

Laughing Lillian—*A story* ..... THOMAS BURKE 45

$5,000 Home Life Snapshot Contest 47

Transient Lady—*Part V* ..... OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 48

Cross Word Puzzle 55

Vox Pop 56

To the Ladies! ..... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 58

Bluecoats—*A short short story* ..... JOSEPH O'BRIEN 59

Cover by R. JAMES STUART

NEXT WEEK—

THE PRIVATE LIFE AND LOVES OF MAX BAER

By

Dick Williams

A chronicle of jazz, janes, jams, and jolts—The hilarious saga of the prize ring's merriest, maddest superman

WHY WE MUST HAVE A NAVY SECOND TO NONE

By

Claude A. Swanson

Our present weakened position does *not* serve the cause of peace. It means risk to every American, says the Secretary of the Navy

Captain Norton (seated, center) and other pilots and observers of the flight that bombed for Lawrence.

I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia

An Air Fighter's Own Story of Desert Thrills in the "Big Parade's" Strangest Adventure in Blood, Danger, and Death

(Reading time: 19 minutes 35 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: In September, 1917, Captain Norton was a young British flight commander instructing student pilots in Palestine, where he had been sent after being severely wounded on the Western Front. Orders came to send a flight of bombing planes to coöperate with Colonel T. E. Lawrence—later world-renowned as the "liberator of Arabia" who declined all advancement and sought obscurity in the service in India as "Aircraftsman Shaw." (Colonel Lawrence is no relation of Mr. J. B. L. Lawrence, co-author of this narrative.)

Norton was one of the six pilots chosen. Lawrence at the time was stationed with Shereef Feisal's Arab troops near Akabah. How Norton first met the mysterious, magnetic colonel who had apparently "gone native," and the subsequent all but incredibly dramatic events of his association with him during that campaign which mixed the deadliest modern warfare with age-old Oriental barbarity and Arabian Nights' fantasy—all this will be told in the installments to come, in which the shadowy figure of the Arabs' idolized "El-Aurenz" (Law-

By CAPT. JOHN H. NORTON *As told to* J. B. L. LAWRENCE

rence) will take shape and become as human and familiar to the reader as it was to Norton himself.

Meanwhile, we see the young airman sharing in the horrors and glories of the climax of Lawrence's epic achievement, culminating in the capture of Damascus.

Part One—"Look! The Bedouins!"

WORD came to our airdrome that several thousand Turks and Germans had escaped the massacre on the roads to Nablus and were beating a hasty and frantic retreat up the Jordan valley in the direction of the Sea of Galilee, intending to cross the Jordan at the bridge just south of the sea.

With Billy Dutton, my observer, I went out to reconnoiter this retreating group. But the fleeing enemy managed to get across the bridge and blow it up after them. Dutton made a note to have our engineer repair the damage, to permit our troops to cross without delay.

We made a long swing over the Sea of Galilee and finally saw the Turks moving fast toward the north. That was all we were supposed to do—to find them and report—so back we turned and headed for home.

Halfway over the inland sea, we saw below us a typical Arabian fishing sloop, with lone sail in the wind and a group of people on the slimy deck. When we appeared overhead, all ran into the tiny cabin amidships. I decided to have some fun, and dove at the little vessel. We dropped down rapidly and shot a few bursts of machine-gun bullets all around the little boat, just to frighten the fishermen, and then continued for home.

The next day my observer and I were the laughingstock of the entire air force in the East.

One of our spies within the Turkish forces had sent in word that when the fishing boat landed it proved to be carrying Djemal Pasha, commander in chief of all the Turkish armies, and General von Kress, the German high commander. They had been escaping aboard it.

But the worst of it was that they issued statements that two complete squadrons of British flyers had attacked them in mid-sea, dropping bombs and emptying volley after volley of machine-gun bullets on them.

"And," reported the spy, "the British aviators beat a hasty retreat when the two generals and their staff members replied valiantly with pistol and rifle fire!"

It took us about two weeks to live that down.

Lawrence was east of the Jordan with his raiders. The ranks of his desert followers were growing every day. Some of the Arab tribes which had been fighting on the Turkish side now came over to Lawrence's standard. Others, who had repulsed all offers from both sides, preferring to wage their own guerrilla warfare on any one who was unfortunate enough to become separated from either main body—getting loot from both sides this way—were fearful of consequences and joined Lawrence's army to escape punishment from the British. The peasantry and villagers took up the arms of dead Turks and fell into line, wreaking vengeance on their oppressors.

With the Turks still holding Amman, I was sent over with dispatches for Lawrence. His part was to harass the garrison there until the cavalry could arrive and take the city. Then his Bedouins were to pursue the Turks. When I saw Colonel Lawrence this time, he looked years older. The terrific campaign he had undergone had aged him, and his manner was that of a man who had not slept more than a few hours a night for many months. He had the double job of keeping after the Turks and maintaining peace among all the various sheiks now under his wing.

Upon our return to the temporary Jerusalem airdrome, we received orders that Amman was to be captured the next day and that we were to assist by bombing.

At dawn we went out. Two or three German planes which ventured gallantly to meet our superior forces aloft soon were shot down in flames, and we sat over the city, dropping down for occasional bursts of machine-gun fire and carrying word of each other's progress to the Australians and the Arabs on opposite sides of the city. The Turks put up a spirited defense for a short time, and then we saw thousands of them dash out from the rear. I decided to find Lawrence and receive further orders. We dropped down into a level space—or at least I thought it was level. As our wheels began to roll I felt jolt after jolt. By Jove! The sand was covered with small rocks, and the plane began to hop wildly. All at once it stopped short and went over on its back.

DUTTON and I hung there, trussed up in our safety belts, upside down and unable to extricate ourselves. We heard men approaching on the run, and thought that they were Australians coming to rescue us. But Dutton, managing to twist around, saw them first.

"Johnny Turk!" he yelled to me. "We're in for it!"

It was true. The Turk rear guard, firing as they retreated, had been behind us. They surrounded our ship and, covering us with rifles, cut us down.

One of them, apparently the leader, yelled a stream of orders. It must have been Turkish, because neither of us understood a word of it. Just then a burst of bullets from close by took their attention, and Billy leaned over, broke the pipe leading from the petrol tank, and threw a lighted match into the leaking fuel.

We all knew what that meant—the Turks included! We just ran. Bang! The ship blew up and scattered burning fragments all around us. But the Turks kept running. Billy again saw our new approaching danger.

"Look! The Bedouins!" he screamed.

No wonder the Turks had run! Those Arabs coming across the plain at top speed on their horses and camels looked like madmen. They surrounded us.

"We're British! We're friends! See?" Dutton cried.

I tried my Arabic on them. But they dismounted and came toward us. They threw down their rifles and were brandishing their great curved knives.

God! Were we to meet death at the hands of our own allies now—now that the war was practically won?

Suddenly one of the horse-

Two planes of Norton's flight, brought down by the Germans behind the Turkish lines.

men uttered a loud command. He galloped forward and came to my side.

The other Arabs argued with him. I could catch frequent mention of the word *Inglisi* (English). And then, angry at being deprived of us, the Bedouins remounted and continued after the Turks.

The leader leaned over and spoke to me: "You friend El-Aurenz—no? You sky bird—no?"

"Yes. I am Norton," I told him.

"Auda!" he said proudly, patting himself on the chest.

Indeed it was the great warrior to whom we owed our lives. He motioned us to hide until our troops could get there, and then rode off. Dutton and I found a convenient culvert and lay hidden until we saw the Australian Light Horse come galloping.

An almost similar incident, illustrating the bloodthirstiness of the Arabs, ready to slay friend or foe, took place the next day.

Colonel T. E. Lawrence, mysterious "liberator of Arabia"—likewise an archæologist and an author.

We received information that the last big Turkish garrison in the south, at Medina, had heard of the change of fortune for their army and were coming up-desert. Some were on trains, some on foot, others on horseback. Their leaders' idea was to reconcentrate when they reached the Arabian strongholds, beat their way through, and rejoin the main Turkish forces.

HEADQUARTERS instructed us to fly over them and try to persuade them to surrender without further fighting. Accordingly, again with Billy Dutton, I went out early the next day and headed down the Pilgrim Railway toward Medina.

At last we saw them. They were a pathetic lot—ragged-looking even from our distance in the air. We dropped down over them and were greeted with volleys of bullets. Drawing up to safety once more, Dutton dropped a prearranged message, written in Turkish, in the midst of a group of soldiers.

We saw them running to one who apparently was their leader. I remained aloft, idling in wide circles. The note, translated, read:

"The Turkish Seventh and Eighth Armies have been completely annihilated. The remaining forces are retreating far from here. We can guarantee you safety if you will surrender, but cannot protect you if you push on through against the Arabs." We instructed them to put out white cloths on the ground in the form of a cross if they accepted.

Dutton interrupted my reverie a moment later to point downward. There—there was a white cross! I immediately wheeled and gave it full gun to my airdrome, where I reported their acceptance by telephone.

SEVERAL troops of Australian Light Horse were ordered to meet the Turks and receive their surrender. We were to report the affair to headquarters. We saw the cavalry approach them. We saw their outposts ride forward with a white flag. We saw the Turks laying down their rifles and forming into columns to be marched into the British lines. We found later that they hadn't had a real meal in months.

But—Dutton reached forward and tapped me sharply. He pointed excitedly to the hills. Thousands of black-clad Bedouins on horseback and camel were swooping down, heading for the Turks and the Australians. They were hidden by the ridges from our cavalry.

I realized what Dutton meant. They would slaughter Turks and Australians alike. They only wanted loot. Our plane swung forward at top speed. Dutton scribbled a warning and we dropped it in the midst of the Australian Light Horse. They read it, waved thanks to us, and then did the most amazing thing of the entire war.

They gave the Turks back their rifles! And, side by side, the Turks and their few captors turned to fight off the Arabs. We did the best we could from above, but there were so many Arabs that our machine-gun fire wasn't enough to stop them.

So, our petrol supply low, we headed for the airdrome to enlist aid. After a speedy refueling we returned with every airplane available.

But we arrived too late for the fun. The Turks had laid down their arms again. I dropped down on the plain and went forward to see the com-

What was left of abandoned enemy supplies after Lawrence's Arabs had plundered them.

mander of our Light Horse. "We had a hard time of it for a while," he laughed. "But I had my good old Turks fighting hard, and between us we persuaded those Arab beggars that we weren't the lads to bother with." Occasional black-clad figures lying on the desert bore out this statement.

It was an amazing situation—the Turks, more than powerful enough to wipe out our small cavalry escort, laying down their arms for the second time!

Lawrence now had more than 40,000 Arabs in his desert army. He had orders to advance on Deraia and to capture it, finally crippling all Turkish railway communications. Deraia was the main junction of all the railways and had great ammunition dumps and supply depots.

Setting fire to whatever they could not take with them, the Turks began an immediate retreat before the hordes of Arabs led by the Englishman and Shereef Feisal.

The capture of Deraia resulted in one of the most blood-curdling massacres in history. And not one of the British who were present disagreed with the Arabs this time about their thirst for Turkish lives.

SHEIK TALLAAL, one of Lawrence's leaders, had left the women and children of his tribe behind in his village, not far from Deraia, when he went out to join the Feisal forces. It was in the accepted Arabian code that, no matter how bitter the enmity between fighting men, the women, children, and old people were in no way to be molested. Sheik Tallaal relied upon this.

But the retreating Turks adhered to no code. Bitter against anything Arabian, they had passed through Tallaal's village. And the next day, when we entered with the Arabs, only a few dying children remained of all whom Tallaal had left there.

Tallaal's Arabs moaned and wailed in their plaintive manner when they found their wives lying lifeless where the Turks had left them after ravaging them brutally. Little girls, not old enough to know what it was all about, had been attacked. Then, their hatred and lust still not satiated, the Turks had killed the ones who did not die under their cruel caresses. It was a bitter sight for Arab husbands to find their wives or children lying in pools of their own blood, breasts hacked off, knives still sticking in their hearts—little boys fiendishly mutilated. The most sickening scene of all was that of a beautiful Arabian girl, not more than eighteen or nineteen years old at the most, fastened upside down against a wall with knives, a bayonet protruding from her middle.

With all this fresh in their minds, the Arabs came toward Deraia crazed. They fell upon at least 2,000 Turks who were cut off from the main retreating body, and killed every one of them. We could see most of it from the air, and, truthfully, I never could have imagined such wholesale slaughter. Turks threw down their rifles and begged for mercy on their knees, only to get knives in their throats or more welcome bullets in their hearts.

IN the city of Deraia itself, which I entered, the slaughter was as bad. I saw hundreds of Turkish soldiers lying around on the streets, in the gutters, in alleys, unspeakably mutilated by the knives of the screaming Arabs. And in most cases it was not enough to cause death but only terrific pain. The Turks just lay there, moaning in pain, begging aloud for death.

There were about a dozen of us who had landed there, and we just couldn't stand it any more! The Australian Light Horse felt the same way. So we loaded up well with pistol ammunition and spent the night on an unhappy but merciful duty—going through the streets, putting our pistols to the temples of the poor mutilated Turks and ending their misery. It was a real hell: black night, blazing fires, cries of the wounded, pistol cracks—then silence!

Lawrence had been so infuriated at the Turkish treatment of the women and children in Tallaal's village that, they told us that night, he had actually ordered the Arabs

ILLUSTRATION
BY MONTE CREWS

Billy threw a lighted match into the leaking fuel. We all knew what that meant—Turks included!

not to take a single prisoner. That night made so terrible an impression on my mind that even now, when I chance to see a policeman shooting a dog that has been injured, say, by an automobile, I shudder and think of the scores of Turks we shot that way on the streets of Deraia. A little sick, we flew back to our base at Jerusalem the next morning. Upon my arrival I found instructions to telephone headquarters at once. I called.

"You will make arrangements to advance your squadron to Damascus and occupy the old German airdrome just outside on the Mecca road—at once!"

I hesitated. "What about our stores, sir?"

"They will follow by motor transport."

Knowing that the road was practically impassable after the Turkish rout, I realized that our supplies would not reach us for a couple of weeks. We went to work on our planes, overhauling motors, repairing bullet-torn wings, and generally refurbishing. Then we began to pack everything we could into them.

When we were ready to leave for Damascus my machine looked like a misplaced Christmas tree. A camp bed and chair were tied on to the bomb rack on one side and a small tent was suspended from the other. The struts bore a couple of rifles and some spare tins of petrol, tightly wired on. In the cockpit I stowed my personal baggage and cans of food and the squadron's medical supplies. We had to move our base thus because, with the Turks retreating as rapidly as they were now, our machines were out of range. And we could only be of support to Lawrence and our own cavalry by having a base within their field of operations.

We finally got under way, hauling our overladen busses off the ground without mishap somehow or other, and gradually gaining height in wide circles. Then I gave the signal and we fell into formation.

I was busy holding the plane on an even keel, what with the bed and chair tilting us sideways, when Billy Dutton yelled from the rear cockpit: "Help!" I swung about, expecting to see a German plane on our tail.

But Billy was squirming and fighting with something.

"For God's sake, what is it?" I yelled.

"It's Betsy Baby!" he answered.

The name was that of a pet snake of his. He had determined to take it with him to Damascus, and the fool thing had wriggled out of its box and was peacefully twined about his leg now. The night before we had celebrated a bit wildly in honor of our departure, and Bill thought for a moment that he was seeing things. Betsy Baby finally restored calm herself by deciding that the tail end of the fuselage was really her berth. She twisted her way back there, and Billy felt better.

As we came nearer to Damascus the endless brown of the desert gave way to green. It was a welcome sight of beauty. At the foot of a range of mountains lay miles of beautiful vineyards and olive groves, broken only by the occasional gleaming white tower of a mosque. The city began to appear—Damascus at last!

OF course we had no idea whether it still was in Turkish hands or whether Lawrence had already captured it. I signaled for the landing at the abandoned airdrome with some misgivings; but we were carrying out our orders. No one appeared to disturb us. There was a comfortable building near by where the German airmen had quartered, and entering it to use as our billet we found it well stocked with stores, provisions, and wine. The Germans had left in a hurry. We found ammunition, bombs—little delicacies from Germany. It was a gold mine to us!

The Arabs and some of the Australian Light Horse had already arrived upon the outskirts of Damascus; but Lawrence and Feisal had not yet come and the main body of Arabs was awaiting them. The major in command of one of the units of Light Horse turned over to us a number of prisoners whom he had captured as they were attempting to leave the airdrome. He wanted us to quarter them for safe-keeping, as he was afraid the Arabs might kill them on sight.

Two of them were particularly interesting. One was a Lieutenant von Hoffman, a likable blond chap who spoke English quite well. The other was a German captain—I think his name was Adler. But he was a typical pompous Prussian and bitterly jealous of our successes. No one liked him, although we permitted both officers plenty of freedom around the camp. We knew they wouldn't attempt to run away. The only safe place for Turk or German was in the hands of a British or Australian soldier. Von Hoffman frankly discussed with us air battles his squadron had engaged in with ours. He praised our men, but bitterly assailed his own side for giving the German aviators on the Turkish front such inferior planes.

In the group listening to him was a cavalry captain of our army who had been captured by the Turks some months before and had escaped during the excitement of the final drive. He listened interestedly as the German talked of the inferior planes he had been forced to fly.

"Why, gentlemen," said von Hoffman, "from this very airdrome only last week on two occasions I started out to reconnoiter. Each time I fell from the air as soon as I took off. How I escaped injury I do not know. But the machines just suddenly broke up. For no apparent reason! It was suicide to attempt to fly a plane!"

THE cavalry captain—Whittingham, I think he was named—laughed and then, red-faced, apologized. "You see, I think I have the explanation," he said.

"Explanation?" puzzled the German.

"What do you mean?" I asked Whittingham.

"When I first was taken prisoner two months ago, they took me through Deraia, and as I was waiting in the depot I saw several of our Tommies working there. They were prisoners also, and had been set at work by the Turks unloading supplies and reshipping them.

"I spoke to one red-headed young Welshman who was lifting airplane fuselages from one baggage car to another. 'Rather hard luck to have to be helping the Boche!' I said. 'Bad enough to be a prisoner, eh?' He laughed. 'Excuse me, sir, but I don't think I'm exactly helping the Boche, sir.' I gasped. I thought the lad had gone daffy. 'Lean over, sir,' he said. 'You see, sir, every time I transfer a fuselage, Smith here and I unlace the fabric!' Then, glancing around to see that we were unobserved, he lifted a small hack saw out of his tunic pocket. 'Smith and I have sawed a slice in every bottom longeron that passed through here. They ought to last just long enough to get into the air. We lace up the fabric before sending them on, so I guess the Boche won't find out until too late, sir!'"

We never discovered who the red-headed lad was, but the gallant German agreed with us that he was one of the unsung heroes of the war.

The next day we received orders to go into the air and to keep watch while Lawrence and Feisal entered the city. The Turks had fled toward the mountains with some of the Bedouins and Light Horse in pursuit.

From the air I saw virtually every man, woman, and child in Damascus standing on some point of vantage to welcome the victors. Lawrence and Feisal rode in an open carriage drawn by two white horses. Behind them came the sheiks and Lawrence's fierce Arabian bodyguard, superbly mounted and richly dressed—loot had been plentiful.

As the triumphant pair drove down the streets before the cheering thousands, the horsemen galloped after them at full speed, reining up short in spectacular movement, fired their rifles into the air, and put to shame any Wild West show parade I have ever seen in America.

Lawrence had promised Feisal and the Arabs that with the taking of Damascus they would be permitted to set up their own government over the entire country and govern themselves, as they had always wished.

Now they had reached the pot of gold at the horizon!

Captain Norton in next week's installment will hark back to his original flight to join Lawrence, and portray him and Feisal, the royal Arab, at a feast in their camp. He will tell the thrilling story of the bombing raid, in which he took part, on the city of Maan, and of Lawrence and his Arabs dynamiting a section of the Pilgrim Railway. He will recall the startling belief of the singing Bedouins that the ever-mysterious colonel had turned Mohammedan for purposes of marriage.

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Don't Miss the Fun of Following This Fascinating Mystery—It's THE Detective Novel of the Year!

The Case of the Howling Dog

(Reading time: 28 minutes 27 seconds.)

PERRY MASON, attorney at law, receives a call from a somewhat eccentric client who calls himself Arthur Cartright, who announces that he wants to see him about making a will and about a dog. Mr. Cartright tells the lawyer that he wants to will his entire estate to a Mrs. Clinton Foley, who lives with her husband in the house next to his own.

Cartright then tells Mason that Foley has a dog which howls at night and that he wants it stopped. Cartright gives evidence of intense nervousness and Mason wonders whether he is quite sound mentally. The lawyer arranges to have his client visit an assistant district attorney for the purpose of having Foley legally warned to abate the nuisance of the dog's howling. This is done and the peculiar client departs.

In the next morning's mail there comes to Mason a special-delivery letter containing a will drawn up by Cartright in his own handwriting, leaving ten per cent of his estate to the lawyer on condition that he protect the legal interests of Mrs. Foley, to whom the major part of the estate is willed. The letter also contains ten thousand-dollar bills and a note saying that it is a retainer for Mason's services.

Part Two—Perry Mason Takes the Trail

"WE'RE not going to bother with visitors for a while, Della," Perry Mason told his secretary—"not until we get this straightened out."

"But what is it?" she asked.

Perry Mason lowered his voice.

"Yesterday," he said, "when the man was in, he asked me particularly about leaving the property to Mrs. Clinton Foley, and wanted to know what the effect of the will would be if it should turn out that the woman who posed as Mrs. Foley wasn't really Mrs. Foley."

"Meaning that she isn't married to Clinton Foley?" asked Della Street.

"Exactly," said Mason.

"But isn't she living with Mr. Foley out there in an exclusive neighborhood?"

"Exactly," Mason said. "But that doesn't prove anything. There have been cases where—"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Della Street. "But it does seem strange that a man would live in a neighborhood like that with a woman who *posed* as his wife."

"There might be reasons for it. Those things happen every day."

"All right," said Della Street. "You've got me curious now. What about the will?"

"Well," said Mason, "when he was in yesterday he brought up this question about the legality of leaving the property to Mrs. Clinton Foley if it should turn out that the woman wasn't Mrs. Clinton Foley at all but was merely posing as Mrs. Foley. From the way he spoke, I felt quite certain that he had reason to believe the woman was not Mrs. Foley, so I explained to him that it would be all right for him to leave the property to the party named, describing her as being the woman who at pres-

It would have needed but a few deft touches of make-up, a change of clothes, a finger wave to have made her beautiful.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

ent resided with Clinton Foley at 4889 Milpas Drive."

"Well," asked Della Street, "did he do it?"

"He did not," said Perry Mason. "He left his property to Mrs. Clinton Foley, the lawfully wedded wife of Clinton Foley, said Clinton Foley at present residing at 4889 Milpas Drive in this city."

"Then that makes it different?" asked Della Street.

"Of course it makes it different," he said. "It makes it different all the way through. If it should turn out that the woman who is living with him at that address isn't his wife, she wouldn't take under the will. The will distributes the property to the lawfully wedded wife of Clinton Foley, and the description of the residence relates to Clinton Foley rather than his wife."

"Do you suppose he misunderstood you?" asked Della Street.

"I don't know," rasped Perry Mason. "He didn't seem to misunderstand me on anything else, and he's been clear enough in everything he's done. Look up Cartright in the telephone book. He lives at 4893 Milpas Drive. Get him on the telephone at once. Tell him it's important."

She nodded and reached for the telephone, but an incoming call tripped the buzzer on the switchboard before her fingers closed about the receiver.

"See who it is," said Mason.

She plugged in the line, said, "Office of Perry Mason," then listened for a moment and nodded.

"Just a minute," she said.

"It's Pete Dorcas," she told Mason, "the deputy district attorney. He says he wants to talk to you right away about that Cartright case."

"All right," said Mason; "put him on."

"In your office?" she asked.

"No; this telephone's all right," he told her. "And listen in on the conversation. I don't know just what it's going to be, but I want a witness."

He scooped up the receiver, said "Hello," and heard the voice of Pete Dorcas, edged with impatience.

"I'm afraid, Mason," he said, "that I've got to issue a commitment for your client, Arthur Cartright, on the ground of insanity."

"What's he done now?" asked Mason, frowning.

"Apparently this howling-dog business is all a part of his imagination," Dorcas said. "Clinton Foley has told me enough to make me believe that the man is not only dangerously insane but that he has a homicidal complex which may cause him to become violent."

"When did Foley tell you all this?" Mason asked, looking at his wrist watch.

"Just a few minutes ago."

"He was there at the office?" asked Mason.

"He's here right now."

"All right," Mason said. "Hold him there. I'm Cartright's lawyer and I'm going to see that my client gets a square deal. You hold him there. I'm coming right over."

He didn't wait to give Dorcas a chance to make any excuses, but slammed the receiver back on the telephone, turned, and said to Della Street: "All right, Della; break that connection. Get Cartright on the line. You'll find him listed in the telephone book. Tell him that I want to see him at once. Tell him to get out of his house and go to some hotel, register under his own name, but not to let any one know where he's going; to telephone you the name of the hotel where he's located, so you can telephone me. Tell him to keep away from my office and keep away from his residence until I see him. Tell him it's important. I'm going over to the district attorney's office and see what's happening. This Clinton Foley is making trouble."

He slipped back the spring lock on the outer door, shot out into the corridor, and was halfway to the elevator by the time the door check clicked the door shut.

He flagged a cab in front of his office and snapped at the driver: "District attorney's office. Make it snappy and I pay the fines."

He jumped into the cab, the door slammed, and Perry Mason lurched back against the cushions as the cab lunged into motion.

When the cab swung in to the curb and the driver pulled the slip from the meter, Perry Mason tossed him a five-dollar bill and said: "That's all right, buddy."

He crossed the sidewalk, went to the ninth floor, and said to the girl at the information desk in the district attorney's office: "Pete Dorcas is waiting for me."

Pete Dorcas was sitting behind the desk, an expression of annoyance on his face. On the other side of the desk a huge figure struggled from a chair and turned to face Perry Mason inquiringly.

THE man was over six feet in height, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, long of arm. His waist had put on a little flesh, but not enough to detract from the athletic figure. He was perhaps forty years old.

"I presume you're Perry Mason," he said, "Mr. Cartright's lawyer?"

Perry Mason nodded curtly, stood with his feet spread apart, his head thrust slightly forward, his eyes staring at the man in cold appraisal.

"Yes," he said, "I'm Cartright's lawyer."

"I'm Mr. Clinton Foley, his neighbor," said the man, extending a hand and smiling graciously.

Perry Mason took two steps forward, took the hand, and turned to Dorcas after a perfunctory handshake.

"Sorry if I kept you waiting, Pete, but this is important. I can explain it to you a little later. What's this all about?"

"There's nothing that it's all about," said Dorcas, "except that I'm busy, and you took up a lot of my time yesterday afternoon about a howling dog who didn't howl, and now it turns out your man's crazy as a loon."

"What makes you think he's crazy?" asked Mason.

"What makes *you* think he's crazy?" said Dorcas irritably. "You thought so last night. You telephoned and said you thought he was crazy and wanted me to have a doctor to look him over."

"No," Mason said slowly. "Don't get me wrong on that, Dorcas. I knew the man was in a very bad state of nerves. I wanted to find out whether that was all."

"Yes you did," Dorcas said with heavy sarcasm. "You thought he was crazy, and you wanted to find out before you got your neck in a noose."

"What do you mean, get my neck in a noose?"

"You know what I mean," Dorcas told him. "You came in here with a man who wanted to get out a warrant for the arrest of a wealthy and prominent citizen. Naturally you wanted to be certain that there wasn't going to be any comeback. That's what you were retained for."

Perry Mason stared fixedly at Pete Dorcas until the steely eyes of the deputy district attorney lowered under Mason's direct gaze.

"When I came in here," Mason said slowly, "I came because I wanted to give you a fair deal, and because I wanted to get one. I told you my man was nervous. He told me he was nervous. He said the continued howling of the dog made him nervous. There's an ordinance on the books against maintaining a nuisance with a noisy animal. My client is entitled to the protection of that law."

"But the dog didn't howl!" Dorcas exclaimed irritably.

Foley's voice interposed in the discussion.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said. "May I say a word?"

PERRY MASON didn't even turn to him, but continued to stare steadily at the deputy district attorney. Dorcas, however, looked up, his face showing relief.

"Certainly," he said; "go right ahead."

"You'll pardon me, I'm certain, Mr. Mason," said Foley, "if I speak frankly. I know that you want to get at the facts. I understand your position in this matter and want to commend you upon the fair way you have gone about protecting the interests of your client."

Perry Mason turned slowly toward him, sized him up with uncordial eyes.

"All right," he said. "Go ahead and explain."

"This man Cartright," said Foley, "is undoubtedly mentally deranged. He has rented the adjoining house. I feel quite certain that the owners of the house do not know the sort of a tenant with whom they are dealing. Cartright has one servant, a deaf housekeeper. He has no friends, apparently; no acquaintances. He stays around his house virtually all of the time."

"Well," said Perry Mason belligerently, "that's his privilege, isn't it? Maybe he doesn't like the neighborhood."

Dorcas got to his feet.

"Now listen, Mason," he said. "You can't—"

"Gentlemen, *please*," said Foley. "Let me explain. Let me handle this. Please, Mr. Dorcas. I understand Mr. Mason's attitude. He thinks that I have brought political influence to bear, and that the interests of his client are being jeopardized."

"Well," said Mason, "haven't you?"

"No," said Foley, smiling amiably. "I have merely explained the facts to Mr. Dorcas. Your client, as I have said, is a very peculiar man. He lives virtually the life of a hermit, yet he continually spies on me out of the windows of his house, looking with binoculars at the house, covering every move I make."

"Go on," said Perry Mason; "I'm listening."

"My Chinese cook," said Foley, "was the one who first called it to my attention. Please understand, Mr. Mason, that I have ample witnesses to substantiate what I say."

"All right," said Mason. "What are you going to say?"

"I am going," Foley said with dignity, "to complain about the constant espionage. It makes it difficult for me to keep my servants. It is annoying to my guests. The man snoops around and stares at me through binoculars."

"Well," Mason said, "it's no crime for a man to look through binoculars, is it?"

"That isn't the point," Dorcas said, "and you know it. The man is insane."

"What makes you think he's insane?" Mason demanded.

"Because," said Dorcas, "he has reported a howling dog, and the dog didn't howl."

"You've got a dog, haven't you?" Mason asked Foley.

"Certainly," said Foley, still keeping his conciliatory manner.

"I don't know who you are," she said, "but I do know that I don't have to answer your absurd questions or your dirty insinuations."

"And you mean to say he doesn't howl?" Mason asked.

"Never."

"I've talked it over with Dr. Cooper," said Dorcas, "and he tells me that if there is a delusion of persecution, coupled with the hallucination of a howling dog, and the fear that there is going to be a death in the neighborhood, present in your client's mind, he may develop homicidal mania at almost any moment."

"All right," Mason said. "Your mind's made up. So's mine. You're going to commit him, are you?"

"I propose to see that his sanity is inquired into," said Dorcas with dignity.

"All right," Mason told him. "The same thing that you told me yesterday I'm telling you today. If you're going to have a man's sanity inquired into, some one has got to sign a complaint. Now who's going to sign the complaint? Are you?"

"I might," Dorcas said.

"All right," Mason told him. "I'm just warning you."

"Warning me of what?"

"Warning you that if you sign a complaint alleging that my client is insane, you'd better make a much more complete investigation than you've made to date."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Foley. "Please let's not have any friction about this. After all, it's merely a matter of doing the right thing by poor Mr. Cartright. I have no feelings against him whatever. He is a neighbor and he has made himself obnoxious, but I feel certain that his conduct is caused by a mental derangement. I desire to have that inquired into, that is all."

DORCAS spoke to Perry Mason.

"This isn't getting you anywhere, Perry," he said. "Foley's absolutely within his rights. You know that you brought Cartright here because you wanted to forestall any action for malicious prosecution. If Cartright made a full and complete disclosure of the facts to us and was authorized to proceed, he acted within his rights. If he distorted or misstated the facts, he did not."

Mason laughed grimly.

"Trying to lay the foundation for a lawsuit, are you?" he asked Foley.

Clinton Foley stood on the threshold, his face twisting with emotion, his eyes glittering. A paper was in his hand, which was shaking.

"I am not," Foley said, with no show of temper.

"Well, I'm just telling you both something that you've forgotten," Mason remarked, "and that is that no warrant was issued and no complaint was filed. The deputy district attorney decided to write you a letter. That's about the size of it, isn't it, Dorcas?"

"Legally, yes," said Dorcas slowly. "But if it appears the man is insane, something should be done."

"All right," Mason said. "All of your ideas about the man's insanity are founded on the statement Foley has made, that the dog didn't howl. Isn't that right?"

"Naturally; but Mr. Foley says he has witnesses to substantiate his statement."

"All right," Mason went on doggedly. "And until you interview those witnesses you don't know which one of them is crazy. Maybe it's Foley that's crazy."

FOLEY laughed; but the laugh was mechanical and his eyes glinted.

"All right," Dorcas said. "As I understand it, you want us to investigate further before we do anything."

"Naturally," said Mason. "You didn't go any farther on the word of my client than to write a letter. If you want to write Mr. Cartright a letter telling him that Mr. Foley says he's crazy, that's all right with me. But if you go ahead on the unsupported word of Mr. Foley, I'm going to protect my client's rights."

Dorcas reached for his desk phone, took down the receiver, and said: "Sheriff's office."

After a moment he said: "Let me talk with Bill Pemberton. . . . Hello. Bill? . . . This is Pete Dorcas. Listen. We've got a dispute down here in the office involving a couple of millionaires out on Milpas Drive. There's a question of a howling dog. One of them says the dog howls; the other one says he doesn't. One of them says the other man's crazy. Perry Mason is retained to represent one of them and demands an investigation. Can you go out there and settle the thing?"

There was a moment of silence; then Dorcas said: "All right. Come down to the office right away."

He turned to look at Perry Mason with cold eyes.

"All right, Perry," he said. "You've started this thing. We're going to make an investigation. If it turns out your man is making false statements and is mentally deranged, we're going to go right through with a commitment."

"NOW," said Mason, "you're commencing to talk sense."

"Well," said Dorcas, "your client started the machinery of this office on a criminal matter which seems to have been entirely without foundation. Then Mr. Foley came in and impressed upon us the fact that his safety was being jeopardized—"

"Exactly," said Perry Mason. "That's what I was combating. There's no hard feelings, Pete, but I'm representing my client, and when I represent a client I fight for him—to the last ditch if necessary."

Dorcas sighed and made a gesture with his hands, spreading them out palm upward on the desk.

"That's one thing about you, Mason," he said. "Nobody can ever say you don't represent a client. You're hard to get along with."

"Not when my client gets a square deal," Mason said.

"Your client will get a square deal here," Dorcas told him, "as long as I'm running things. Bill Pemberton is fair, and he's going out and investigate."

"I want to go with him," Mason said.

"Can you go, Mr. Foley?" Dorcas asked.

"When?" asked Mr. Foley.

"Right away," said Mason. "The sooner the better."

"Yes," said Foley slowly; "I can go."

A figure silhouetted against the frosted glass of the outer door; then the door pushed open and a rawboned man of forty-five years of age grinned good-naturedly as he walked into the office.

"Hello, everybody," he said.

"Hello, Pemberton," Mason replied.

"Bill," said Dorcas, "shake hands with Mr. Foley. Mr. Foley is one of the parties to the controversy."

The deputy sheriff and Foley shook hands, and then Pemberton extended his hand to Mason.

"Great fight you made on that murder case, Mason," he said.

"Thanks," Mason told him, shaking hands.

"What's this about?" Pemberton inquired of Dorcas.

"A howling dog," said the deputy district attorney.

"Making a lot of fuss over a howling dog, ain't you?" Pemberton asked. "Why not give him a piece of beefsteak and shut him up?"

"He's shut up already," Foley laughed. "That's the trouble."

"Foley will tell you the story on the way out," Dorcas said. "Foley represents one side of the controversy and Perry represents the folks on the other side. It started out with a complaint over a howling dog, and now it's gone into a question of espionage, homicidal mania, and what not. Go on out and find out what it's all about, and then make a report to me."

"Who are the witnesses?" Pemberton asked.

Foley held up his fingers and checked them off.

"To begin with," he said, "there's Cartright, who claims the dog howls. And Cartright's housekeeper. She may claim that she heard the dog howl, but if you'll talk with her you'll find she's deaf as a post and couldn't hear it thunder. Then there's my wife, who's been quite ill

with influenza but is getting better now. She's in bed, but she can talk with you. She knows the dog didn't howl. There's Ah Wong, my Chinese manservant, and Thelma Benton, my housekeeper. They can all tell you that the dog didn't howl."

"I've given this case a lot of time," said Dorcas suggestively, "and—"

"O. K., Pete," Bill Pemberton boomed good-naturedly. "We're on our way right now. Come on, fellows." . . .

As the sheriff's car swung in to the curb Bill Pemberton said: "Is that the house?"

"That's it," Foley answered. "But don't park here. Go on in the driveway. I'm putting an addition on to my garage and the contractors have got things littered up here."

"Who do we talk with first?" asked Pemberton.

"You can suit yourself," Foley said with dignity. "But I think that after you have talked with my wife you won't need to bother with any more witnesses."

"No," Pemberton said; "we're going to see them all. How about the Chinese cook? Is he home?"

"Certainly," Foley answered. "Keep right on the driveway if you want to, and we'll have him come out to his room. You'll probably want to see where he sleeps. It's over the garage."

"You're building an addition on that?"

"ON the garage, not on the room," Foley said. "It's only the one story. The cook has his apartment on top of the garage."

"How about a chauffeur?" asked Pemberton.

"I presume the place was originally intended as a chauffeur's apartment," Foley admitted, "but I don't keep a chauffeur. What driving I do, I do personally."

"All right," Pemberton said. "Let's talk with the Chink. That suit you, Mason?"

"Anything suits me," said Mason. "Only I want to have you talk with my client before you go."

"Oh, sure. That his place over there, Foley?"

"That's it; the one on the north."

The car slid along the driveway and came to a stop in front of the building where men were laboring.

"Just go up here," said Foley, "and I'll get Ah Wong."

Pemberton started up a flight of stairs which hugged the concrete side of the building, then paused as there was the sound of a door banging and a woman's voice said: "Oh, Mr. Foley, I must see you at once. We've had trouble—"

The words became inaudible as the woman lowered her voice on seeing the officer's car.

Bill Pemberton hesitated, then turned and walked toward the back of the residence.

"Something about the dog, Foley?" he asked.

"I don't know," Clinton Foley said.

"Her headaches and tired feeling *disappeared*—"

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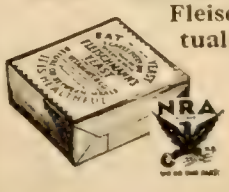

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A young woman attired in a house dress and apron, with her right hand and arm bandaged, walked toward Foley.

She was perhaps twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Her hair was slicked back on her head, her face was without make-up, and she gave the impression of homely efficiency. Yet it would have needed but a few deft touches of make-up, a change of clothes, a finger wave to have made her beautiful.

Bill Pemberton looked at her with narrowing eyes.

"My housekeeper," Foley explained.

"Oh," said Pemberton significantly.

Foley whirled, started to say something, then paused and waited until the woman came to him.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Prince bit me," she said. "He was sick."

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know, but I think he'd been poisoned. He was acting queerly. I remembered what you'd said about putting salt on the back of his tongue if he ever gave any sign of sudden illness, so I took a handful of salt and put it on the back of his tongue. He bit me."

Foley looked at the bandaged hand.

"Bad?" he asked.

"No," she said; "I don't think so."

"Where is he now?"

"I shut him in your bedroom after the salt had done its work."

"Is he better now?"

"He seems to be all cured."

"Was he having spasms?"

"No; he was lying and shivering. I spoke to him two or three times, and he didn't seem to take any interest."

Foley nodded, turned to Pemberton.

"Mrs. Benton," he said, "this is Mr. Pemberton, a deputy sheriff, and this is Mr. Perry Mason, a lawyer. These gentlemen are investigating a charge that has been made by neighbors."

"A charge by neighbors?" asked Mrs. Benton.

"Yes; a charge that we're maintaining a nuisance here."

"How's that?" she inquired.

"About the dog," Foley said. "There's a claim made that—"

"Just a moment," said Pemberton. "Let me do the talking."

The young woman looked at Pemberton, then at Foley. Foley nodded, and Pemberton said: "This dog is a police dog whose name is Prince?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he lives here in the house?"

"Yes, sir, of course. He's Mr. Foley's dog."

"How long has he been here?"

"We've been here for about a year."

"And the dog has been with you all of that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, has the dog been howling?"

"HOWLING? No, sir. He barked once yesterday when a peddler came to the door, but there hasn't been any howling."

"How about nights? Has he done any howling at night?"

"No, sir."

"Barking?"

"No, sir."

"Has the dog been acting strangely?"

"Well," she said, "he looked to me as though he'd been poisoned, and I tried to give him some salt. That's what Mr. Foley told me to do under those circumstances."

"That isn't what I mean," said Pemberton. "I mean has the dog shown any unusual symptoms aside from this matter of poisoning?"

"No, sir."

Pemberton turned to Perry Mason.

"Suppose there's any chance this client of yours tried to poison the dog, Mason?"

"Not a chance in the world," said Perry Mason.

"Understand," said Foley hastily, "I'm not making any accusations against Mr. Cartright. I don't think he's the type that would poison a dog."

"What does salt do?" asked Pemberton of Foley.

"It's a powerful and immediate emetic," Foley said.

Pemberton looked back at the girl.

"And you're willing to swear that the dog hasn't been howling?"

"Of course I am."

"If he had howled, would you have heard him?"

"Yes."

"Where do you sleep? In the house?"

"Yes; on the upper floor."

"And who else is in the house?"

"There's Ah Wong, the cook, but he sleeps out over the garage. And then there's Mrs. Foley."

"I think, officer," said Foley, "that it will perhaps be better for you to talk with my wife, and she can tell you—"

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Benton. "I didn't want to tell you in front of these gentlemen, but your wife isn't here."

FOLEY stared at her with eyes that showed incredulous surprise.

"Isn't here?" he said. "Good heavens, girl, she couldn't have gone out! She's recovering from influenza."

"Nevertheless she went out," said Mrs. Benton.

"How did she go? The cars aren't gone."

"In a taxi."

"Good heavens!" said Foley. "The woman will kill herself! Did she say where she was going? Was she going shopping, calling, or what? Did she receive any messages?"

"She left you a note, sir."

"A note?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Upstairs in her room. She left it on the dresser and asked me to see that you received it."

Foley stood staring at the woman, his forehead puckered, his eyes suddenly hard.

"Look here," he said. "You're keeping something from me!"

The young housekeeper lowered her eyes.

"She took a suitcase with her," she said.

"A suitcase!" Foley exclaimed. "Was she going to a hospital?"

"I don't know. She didn't say."

Foley strode into the house. Perry Mason looked at Mrs. Benton, studying her face closely.

"Was there," he asked, "some trouble between you and Mrs. Foley immediately prior to her departure?"

The young woman drew herself up and stared at him.

"I don't know who you are," she said, "but I do know that I don't have to answer your absurd questions or your dirty insinuations," and she turned and flounced away.

Pemberton grinned over at Perry Mason and bit the end of a cigar.

"That," he said, "for you."

"The girl's tried to make herself up as ugly as possible," Mason said, smiling. "But she's rather young to be a housekeeper."

The back door opened and Mrs. Benton came out.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Mr. Foley wants you to come in. I shouldn't have got mad. Will you excuse it?"

"Don't mention it," said Bill Pemberton. "The fault was ours." And he looked at Perry Mason.

"I came out here," said Perry Mason, "to get information, and to see that my client had a square deal."

The young woman led them through the back door of the house into a kitchen. A small, slender Chinese, attired in a cook's apron, regarded them with glittering beady eyes.

"Whassa malla?" he asked.

"We're trying to find out about the dog—" Perry Mason began, but was interrupted by Pemberton.

"Just a moment, Mason, please," he said. "Let me handle this. I understand handling these Chinks pretty well.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Ah Wong."

"You cook here?"

"I cook," the Chinese answered.
"You savvy him one piecie dog?"
"Heap savvy."
"You hear dog makum noise? Hearum make howl at night?"
The Chinese shook his head.
"Dog no howl?"
"No howl," said the Chinese.
Pemberton shrugged his shoulders.

"SHUCKS," he said, "that's all we need. You can see for yourself, Mason, how it is."
"Well," Perry Mason told him, "I'd have asked the questions of this Chinese boy in a little different way."
"I think," said Mrs. Benton, "that Mr. Foley would like to have you gentlemen wait in the library."
She held open the door of the kitchen, and the two men walked through a serving pantry, a dining room, a living room, turned to the left, and entered a library.
"I think," said Mrs. Benton, "that if you will just be seated—"
A door opened explosively, and Clinton Foley stood on the threshold, his face twisting with emotion, his eyes glittering. A paper was in his hand, which was shaking.

Why didn't the dog howl? What was in the note left by Mrs. Clinton Foley? Was Cartright crazy? These and other questions will be answered in next week's installment of this dramatic novel.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

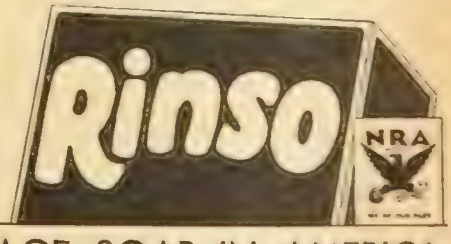
Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a cadi?
2—Where is Kandahar?
3—What is apostasy?
4—The instrument called a lactometer is used for what?
5—In American literature, who was known as the Quaker Poet?
6—What was meant by the Mississippi Bubble?
7—Where was Napoleon I born?
8—When is Michaelmas?
9—What is salmagundi?
10—Which city is the capital of Finland?
11—What river in China is known as "China's sorrow" or "the river of tears"?
12—Which is the highest peak in the Western Hemisphere?
13—What is the tonka bean?
14—For what was the Bowery in New York named?
15—What was the Diet of Worms?
16—Into what two regional clans are the Scotch divided?
17—How long did John L. Sullivan hold the pugilistic championship of America?
18—Who painted the historic picture, Washington Crossing the Delaware?
19—What is the ancient name for China?
20—What countries make up the Little Entente?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

MY, BUT YOU LOOK PEPPY AND PRETTY TONIGHT
WHY SHOULDN'T I FEEL PEPPY? COME ON LET'S DANCE
THIS WAS WASH-DAY, WASN'T IT? YOU USED TO COMPLAIN SO ABOUT BACKACHE
OH, I WASH CLOTHES A NEW WAY NOW —AN EASY WAY!
I DON'T EVEN TOUCH A WASHBOARD ANY MORE! I USE RINSO, IT SOAKS CLOTHES SNOWY
I'M GLAD. I ALWAYS HATED TO SEE YOU SCRUB
—AND DARLING, THE CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER NOW THAT THEY AREN'T SCRUBBED. WE'RE SAVING LOTS OF MONEY! RINSO GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER, TOO. AND IT GIVES SUCH WONDERFUL SUDS— I USE IT FOR DISHES AND ALL CLEANING

CHANGE to easier washdays and whiter washes—with Rinso! You'll be delighted to see what an economical soap it is. Its lively suds last and last—*even in hardest water.* The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get it at your grocer's.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Isabel Jewel and Otto Kruger in The Women in His Life.

BARRISTER, and BEAU

The Legal Profession, the Unwe Stage Perils Provide Four Item

By BEVERL

(Reading time: 8 minutes 30 seconds.)

LAWYERS in the moving pictures are an interesting class. Most of them pay small attention to their practices. They are as temperamental as dance directors, as irresponsible as reporters, and, with few exceptions, hopelessly addicted to strong liquor. Last year's group of pictures about attorneys was mainly concerned with shysters and ambulance chasers. This season's crop seems to be of a slightly better grade, but they still have noticeably unsatisfactory home lives and a talent for inebriation. John Barrymore in Counsellor-at-Law was to some extent an exception to this rule. He did not take a drink during the whole three days the picture covered; but the two lawyers in the pictures we saw this week are back on the old standard, both headed straight for liver trouble and a drunkard's grave. This fact is important because it helps both stories to be adult entertainment, reasonable, sentimental, civilized, and not too technical for general distribution.

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

THE PLAYERS: Otto Kruger, Una Merkel, Ben Lyon, Isabel Jewel, Roscoe Karns, Irene Hervey, C. Henry Gordon, Samuel S. Hinds, Irene Franklin, Muriel Evans, Raymond Hatton, Jean Howard, Paul Hurst. Directed by George B. Seitz.

Attorney Barringer, the hero of this picture, is like George Simon in Counsellor-at-Law, a criminal lawyer with de luxe offices in New York. The bar is behind his desk; whisky seems to be his favorite draft. He drinks it mainly because his first wife left him ten years earlier and he does not consider a girl like Isabel Jewel sufficient consolation.

What with one thing and another, Barringer's sentimentality and his thirst combine to get him into trouble. The daughter of a man accused of murdering his wife comes in to ask him to defend her father. He agrees to do it until he finds out that the dead woman is the first Mrs. Barringer, whose photograph he keeps hidden on his desk. The discovery causes Barringer to get drunk, visit his wife's grave in a rainstorm, catch pneumonia, and come to his senses only after the accused wife-murderer has gone to the death house, with no apparent chance for a reprieve. At this point Barringer begins to practice law again, in a frantic effort to trick the real murderer into a confession.

Otto Kruger gives a smooth detailed performance as Barringer, which is probably what helps The Women in His Life to seem a better picture than it is. The heavy climaxes of the story are less convincing than little shots which, showing Barringer against the background of the crowd at a dog race or in a speakeasy, bring him to life as a calm, enigmatic personality, puzzling to himself as well as to his associates.

Things to look for: Sequences showing Barringer's handy man (Raymond Hatton) getting drunk with a fat blonde murderess (Irene Franklin) in the office waiting room; Barringer playing bagatelle for high stakes and calling his shots.

★★★ GALLANT LADY

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, Clive Brook, Otto Kruger, Tullio Carminati, Dickie Moore, Janet Beecher, Betty Lawford, Ivy Merton, Theresa Maxwell Conover, Adrienne D'Ambricourt, Charles Coleman. Directed by Gregory La Cava.

Standing in front of his revolving propeller, an aviator tells a reporter that he is going to try a nonstop flight to Bagdad; that he is going to be married as soon as he gets back to a girl whose name he does not want published.

He climbs into the plane and waves good-by gayly to the girl. She watches the plane as it bumps heavily across the field.

She sees it crash into a fence, rip off a wing, and become suddenly a sheet of flame, which makes it obvious that the man in it is dead.

This incident, containing enough honest horror for a full-length picture, is told in the first six shots of Gallant Lady. It makes an appallingly effective lead for what turns out later to be a somewhat confused and rambling narrative about a nice girl's efforts to make sure that her illegitimate child is getting from its foster parents the good treatment it deserves.

Wandering about in a park the evening after her fiancé has burned to death, Sally (Ann Harding) bumps into Dan (Clive Brook), a man whose past has been almost as tragic, though less dramatically so, than hers. She explains to him over a bottle of gin that she expects to have a baby. The rest of Gallant Lady shows Sally adjusting herself to the consequences of this mishap, and Dan adjusting himself, not so successfully, to the consequences of falling in love with Sally. Weaving in and out of interior decorators' shops in New York, an Italian castle where a

If I Were Free, a film showing ho tocrats, gains power from good ac

BAR SINISTER, BRUMMELL

Mother, and Those Good Old Back-
f Grist for the Movie Mill

HILLS

Ann Harding and Dickie Moore in a scene from Gallant Lady.

barytone count falls in love with Sally, and the country house where Philip Lawrence (Otto Kruger) is bringing up Sally's son (Dickie Moore), the story has some extraordinarily effective moments and some in which the characters seem to be suffering from blind staggers.

A curious slip in dialogue writing occurs in Sally's greeting to Dan after a long separation. Her words, which seem slightly inappropriate in view of the way the picture started, are: "You must have dropped right out of the sky!"

Otto Kruger, who was forgotten by his employers for the first six months he spent in Hollywood, now seems to be getting more than his share of work. He and Brook, who drinks gin in this picture as grimly as he drinks brandy in If I Were Free, give their usual finished characterizations. The curiously affected spontaneity of Ann Harding's acting happens to fit the heroine of Gallant Lady perfectly. Her performance is the best thing in the picture.

★★½ IF I WERE FREE

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, Clive Brook, Nils Asther, Henry Stephenson, Vivian Tobin, Laura Hope Crews, Temple Pigett, Lorraine MacLean. Directed by Elliot Nugent.

It may be somewhat unfair to put the barrister in If I Were Free in the same category as Barrymore in Counsellor-at-Law and Kruger in The Woman in His Life. As a matter of fact, it would be hard to guess that Gordon Evers (Clive Brook) had ever passed a bar examination if it were not for the marathon tour of Paris sidewalk cafés in which he is engaged at the start of the picture and the romantic predicaments in which he becomes involved soon afterward. When he falls in love with Sarah Casenove (Irene Dunne), whose husband (Nils Asther) is a blackmailing good-for-nothing, Gordon Evers's wife refuses to give him a divorce. Sarah Casenove then decides that misbehavior with Evers may be bad for his career, so she breaks off their affair. Evers's final calamity is his discovery that he has only six more months to live, because of a bullet in his lungs. Like Barringer, Evers profits from a visit to a hospital, and by the end of the picture he seems to have a fair chance to make something of himself if he can get into some less unlucky profession than the law.

rable life may be made for aris- by Irene Dunne and Clive Brook.

When you see Henry Stephenson, Clive Brook, Irene Dunne, and Laura Hope Crews in the cast of a picture you should know that it is going to be acted with intelligence and grace, but you should also suspect that it will contain nothing so informal as a scene at a dog-race track. If I Were Free starts in Paris and proceeds to London, but it always remains in fashionable circles. When Clive Brook goes out he wears a silk hat, and on the one occasion when he goes near a court room he wears a white tie and a wig.

Elegantly written by Dwight Taylor and directed in the proper patrician tone by Elliot Nugent, If I Were Free is a skillful, sober, and affecting investigation of the trifles that make life wretched for aristocrats.

Typical sequence: Barrister Evers's estranged wife arranging to have her butler leave the room while she and her husband discuss their difficulties.

★ WINE, WOMEN AND SONG

THE PLAYERS: Lilyan Tashman, Lew Cody, Gertrude Astor, Matty Kemp, Marjorie Moore, Esther Muir, Bobby Arnst, Paul Gregory, Jess Divorsky. Directed by Herbert Brenon.

When it will occur to Hollywood producers that the spectacle of a Good Girl exposed to the perils of existence in the theater no longer contributes novelty, suspense, or entertainment to a picture remains to be seen, but Wine, Women and Song seems designed to be an object lesson. It is a minor-league back-stage musical comedy designed according to Formula No. 1 which readers of this page now know by heart. It contains one or two fair shots of a ballet and a good bit by Bobby Arnst, who should have been allowed to dance.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight.

★★★—Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire.

The MEN in Ruth

(Reading time: 22 minutes 50 seconds.)

A Glimpse Within the Charmed Circle of "Hollywood's Real Siren"—By What Magic Has She Enthralled and Inspired So Many Male Celebrities?

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

A SUMMER night in Madrid. A June night, scented, moonlit, glamorous.

Inside the famous café an orchestra tinkled a romantic serenade. There were light and laughter, women sparkling with jewels, dark men in uniforms, and the stately black-and-white of formal evening dress.

The door swung open and the attendant bowed before a lovely lady. Above the white drift of ermine her hair was like a burnished autumn leaf, her eyes were shining with excitement. A tall young man with a weather-beaten face and a streak of silver in his dark hair rose swiftly to meet her. Their hands touched, their eyes laughed for a moment—and they went in to dinner.

None of those who turned to watch them pass could dream that the engagement to dine had been made two years before; that those two had neither met nor written since; and that the man had come from the ends of the earth to keep it.

"Two years from tonight at eight o'clock I will dine with you in Madrid," the lady had told him as they said farewell in Paris. And he had gone his way into strange places and she had gone back to Hollywood. But upon the appointed night they had both come to that café in Madrid, each knowing that the other would be there.

The man was a brilliant European journalist and war correspondent.

The lady was Ruth Chatterton.

Ruth had turned a big motion-picture studio upside down to finish her picture. It must be completed, she said, by the first of June, no matter what. Nor did she say why. But one day, when we were sitting in her bungalow on the lot while she rested between the day's shooting and night work, she suddenly smiled at me with that almost impish twinkle of hers and said, "You see, I planned to go to Spain this summer and so I made a dinner engagement in Madrid on the twenty-second of June with a great friend of mine. And I couldn't disappoint him."

And she knew that he would come, no matter where he might be. He would come and dine with her across a candle-lit table, and talk with her for a few hours, and roam mid the picturesque beauties of old Madrid with her for a few days, and then he would go on his way with her image still in that particular corner of his heart which men seem to keep for Ruth Chatterton.

I put it that way because a few years ago, when a very famous motion-picture star was married, he told me that. He said, "I love my wife better than any other woman in the world. But there will always be a corner in my heart where Ruth's image stands, and I think to my dying day I'll burn a little candle of thought before it in hours when I'm all alone."

Now the tales of Hollywood sirens are legion. People speak with bated breath of Garbo and Dietrich, of Crawford and Harlow and Constance Bennett. But Ruth Chatterton has been loved by more men than any other woman in Hollywood; she has been adored by more men than any other woman I have even known.

Ruth is the real siren of Hollywood—but her song has been different from the siren song of other women, and its lovely strain has been lost beneath the jazz melodies that belong more vividly to the glittering land of the cinema.

To Ruth, and Ruth only, Ramon Novarro has sung his sweetest songs.

The only woman to whom Ronald Colman, the recluse, the hermit, the woman-hater, has ever given complete devotion is Ruth Chatterton.

To her George Sterling, one of America's great poets, wrote the most exquisite of his sonnets.

Ruth's is the shrine at which Chevalier worships; to her alone the shy, temperamental Frenchman has spoken in the deepest friendship.

It was Ruth Chatterton who sat in Noel Coward's country home in England, when the actor-playwright idol of London and New York had closed his doors to every one else in the world, and listened while he read aloud his newest play and sang for her his latest song.

Jim Tully, the hard-boiled hobo author, the man whom

HENRY MILLER

RALPH FORBES

M. G. M.

GEORGE BRENT

Warner Bros.

JIM TULLY

Paramount

Chatterton's LIFE

Photo by
Elmer Fryer

"The real siren of Hollywood."

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Paramount

NOEL COWARD

Vandamm

RONALD COLMAN

Vandamm

RAMON NOVARRO

M. G. M.

Hollywood fears, laid his heart at her feet years ago, and more than his heart—a supreme trust.

Perhaps no other woman of our time has so inspired men. They weren't all *in love* with her. But they *loved* and still *love* her. There is a difference.

Ruth Chatterton is a throwback to another time; she belongs to a glorious company of women who have illumined the pages of history. The women of another day who understood how to make men love them without allowing them to cross that delicate line of being "in love." The women who understood how to inspire devotion without permitting passion. The women who had a genius for bringing out the best in men. It is a lost art in our generation. I know of no one except Ruth who possesses that art today. Ruth, with her gracious response to every thought and every mood, her vivid mind, her gayety and her tears.

I went to lunch one day with the wife of a world-famous novelist. In passing, I asked her how her husband was—and where. She said, "Oh, he's gone to talk to Ruth." Then she lifted an eyebrow at me and gave me a funny little smile. "And, do you know, I'd like to find out how she does it?"

For a moment I was embarrassed. But she said, "I don't understand how she can make him her slave the way she has, so that he has to run and talk to Ruth about every darn' thing from the color of the heroine's eyes to whether he shall use a comma or a semicolon—and yet make me love and trust her and never feel even the slightest pang of jealousy."

But she can do more than that.

How, says Hollywood, can she herself be deeply and madly in love with one man and completely loyal to him, and yet keep him perfectly happy and friendly with the other men who adore her?

For it is no secret to Hollywood that other men besides George Brent love George Brent's wife.

LAST year in Paris Ronald Colman was constantly with the Brents. It was a glorious threesome.

Maurice Chevalier is at their Beverly Hills home all the time. And the three of them are so very gay. It is not usual for Maurice Chevalier to be gay. He is naturally of a shy and melancholy temperament, very different from the dashing gayety he shows upon the screen. Yet it is true that when he is with Ruth, the charm and gayety that are his on the stage and screen seem to become his own, seem to become real.

And it doesn't seem at all surprising to George Brent that Chevalier should adore Ruth, and that Ronald Colman should care more for her than any other woman. That, in his estimation, is exactly as it should be. He and Chevalier are very good friends indeed. And he and Ronny are pals.

I think Ruthie herself would be genuinely shocked if any one failed to understand how three people like that could love each other very much.

People in Hollywood—and perhaps in a good many other places—have been startled by the close friendship and constant companionship that exists between Ruth Chatterton and George Brent and Ralph Forbes, Ruth's former husband.

The last time I was in Hollywood I went to a birthday party which Ruth gave for Ralph Forbes. Nobody could have been present at a more delightful evening. There was present that air of complete relaxation, of easy laughter, of intimacy, that is possible only between people who know and like each other and have tested both the knowledge and the liking. There was never a strained moment nor a word off key. In all the laughter and the music there was a little chord of real tenderness.

Ruth and George go often to dine with Ralph in his bachelor house, and Ralph dines with them at least once a week, just the three of them often, or maybe a close friend or two. And Ralph runs in and out of the big house in Beverly Hills quite as though he were one of the family, and brings Ruthie charming little gifts or stops by just to tell her something that will make her laugh.

Acme photo

Ruth as Henry Miller first saw her.

FRANKLY, the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent-Ralph Forbes intimacy has been called a *ménage à trois*—and in a way it is a modern version of that historic situation. A modern version and a very different one.

Yet to Ruth it is the only possible, the only honest, and the only happy thing to do. And there is something in the crystal-clear quality of Ruth Chatterton that makes it impossible for Ruth to do anything except the natural and simple thing. I saw her try to lie once—to save another woman from humiliation. It is the only thing I ever saw her do badly.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent fell in love with each other the moment they met. The director of her picture introduced to her the dark handsome young Irishman, who to me is a combination of Jack Dempsey and some medieval poet. In that moment Ruth knew that there had come to her the great love of her life, the love which had in it some great and primitive and all-embracing thing that before had been lacking.

Without warning, without her will or consent, certainly without her seeking, it had happened. And as it happened to her, it had happened to George Brent. Ten minutes after he saw and talked with Ruth, he knew that he had seen a dream walking, he had heard a dream talking.

Each day, as the picture went on, each knew more surely. And soon the words had been spoken that told them they not only loved but were loved.

So Ruth told Ralph Forbes. The very moment she was sure, she told her husband as simply and as honestly as she knew how.

"You see," she told me, "I didn't love Ralph one bit less. Why should I? We had been friends for years. I was married to him—but we were friends. You never stop loving your friends. But you don't possess them. I didn't possess Ralph and he didn't possess me. Our marriage was a thing of friendship more than of romance. Nothing could change it. Why should I care less for him because this wonderful thing had come into my life? Why should he feel bitter toward me, or resentful, because I loved some one else?"

So Ralph Forbes went quietly to Reno and got a divorce—it almost fell through at the last moment because Ralph simply refused to say one unkind thing or one disparaging thing about Ruth in the court room. He got so angry when his lawyer even suggested that Ruth had ever done the slightest thing for which any one could criticize her that the whole proceeding almost blew up in high comedy, and the clever lawyer barely saved it. And then George and Ruth were married.

But they all agreed that there was no reason why Ruth and Ralph should give up the friendship and the laughter and the comradeship they had known and greatly valued. And so they just didn't.

In this, I think Ruth would like to be a pioneer. I think she would like to lead a movement to have all ex-husbands and wives the best of friends.

"Think how much happier every one would be," she said to me once. "Think how much better it would be for the children. It seems to me the only decent and civilized thing to do. Why, I *adore* Ralph, just as much as though he were my favorite brother. And isn't it natural that two men I love should like each other? I think it's a silly pride, and a vain pretense, and fear of what people will think that makes men and women behave badly to each other when they find that they want to end marriage. My way is much better."

The truth is that George Brent and Ralph Forbes both love Ruth so much that they believe in her completely, trust her utterly, and desire her happiness above all things.

George Brent is an Irish idealist. And he understood almost at once Ruth's amazing genius for friendship. I think he is still a little overcome, for all his arrogant masculinity, with a sort of tender awe that she should have selected him to love as she hasn't loved other men.

DURING the years that Ronald Colman lived in Hollywood the jealously guarded door of his sanctum was open always to only one woman. Ronny didn't want people around at all, as a rule. He wanted his books and his pipes and his dogs and a few men friends. But he didn't want women and wouldn't have them, except the wives of his friends upon occasion, and he had no women friends—except Ruth Chatterton.

But he explained that once. He said, "Ruth is the only woman I've ever known who brings something splendid with her and yet leaves everything undisturbed."

One night some years ago the late great Wilson Mizner—prince of wits, king of story-tellers, writer extraordinary—sat in a big chair before the fire in my library. Across the room Ruth Chatterton, her hair tumbled and her face flushed, was listening to Jack Dempsey and Jim Coffroth, picturesque sports promoter, tell of fights that made history.

She had the look of a small boy listening to his hero describe miraculous conquests, and every once in a while her laugh rang out and she squirmed with excitement. And as we listened, Bill Mizner sighed.

"It is not often," he said, "that I regret my vanished and misspent youth. I am glad to be done with it and I have accepted middle age with philosophical calm and contentment. The only time I ever wish I was young again is when I see Ruth Chatterton."

And Bill was not a man given to compliments. Later, when he was working on a picture for Ruth, not long before he died, he told me, "There, my child is a great lady. Don't ever forget it. There are not many. It is a privilege to have loved her."

Anything Bill Mizner said came pretty near being gospel to me. And when I added that to the other things men had said of her to me, I began looking for the answer.

I got part of it from a newspaper man in New York who writes editorials that important people quote. He is a swell reporter. His name is Idwal Jones and he might be a genius if he didn't keep most of it for his own private amusement.

Idwal and I were assigned to go out on the tug Macom to meet Premier Ramsay MacDonald, who was arriving on the Berengaria. Since I was a "special writer" on the job, Idwal was supposed to convoy me to the scene at around eight in the morning, and he was none too pleased

Coming out on top?

Many a man gets self-complacent about his hair even when the first tell-tale strays begin to fleck his coat collar. Time to worry, thinks he, when it's really showing thin. Don't fool yourself, brother. Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and start now to stop that falling hair. At least once a week before shampooing, apply the Tonic liberally to the scalp and massage for several minutes. This Tonic massage does for the scalp exactly what a vigorous walk does for the rest of the body—speeds up the circulation, stimulates sluggish glands to greater activity. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. Barbers recommend and use it.

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about it. As we sat in the saloon, surrounded by officials, dignitaries, ambassadors, Idwal was about as sociable as a hungry leopard, until I happened to remember that Ruth had told me if I met him to give him her love.

I did. I thought it might start a conversation. It didn't. It started a monologue. Now it happens that Idwal is just a trifle hard of hearing and when he talks he talks loud enough so he can hear himself. When he gets vehement, he talks even louder. So as the Macom steamed down the bay all the important people grew silent while Idwal Jones delivered a eulogy on " the greatest woman and the finest person in the world, Ruth Chatterton."

Among other things he said was something I have never forgotten. " Many a time I've sat up and talked to her all night," he said, " and she gives you new life and inspiration. But she is too wise just to give. She inspires you to give in return. That is why men love her so. They are never in her debt, though she has given them so much."

Ruth would be intensely annoyed if you accused her of anything so pretentious and artificial as a salon. And, although she is the Mme. Récamier of her time, it wouldn't be true. For one thing, she is intensely shy in crowds. That is one reason many people misunderstand her. When she finds herself in a crowd she becomes the actress. It is her defense.

But no other woman of whom I know, with the possible exception of Neysa McMein, can inspire such conversation. Ruth loves conversation better than anything else in the world.

Several summers ago she had a house at Malibu. It was a simple house, one of the first built at Malibu, before it became fashionable. Certainly its painted walls and wicker furniture didn't suggest a salon in any way. But to that house came every important writer and composer and playwright who sojourned in Hollywood. Sometimes they just dropped in for tea or a swim—and stayed literally for days. If you passed by in the afternoon you would see Ruthie, in a charming bathing suit, stretched out in a canvas chair with Sidney Howard—one of our foremost dramatists—at her feet, and they would be there hour after hour, talking.

If you peeped in a window at night, you might find Ruth and Gene Fowler before a fire, and you might hear him talking to her hour after hour, all night perhaps, as few men talk to women any more.

Ruth Chatterton was born with the gift of listening. " I do not know," Emil Jannings said once, " whether she is greatest as an audience or as an actress." She was born with some great measure of understanding. And vision. She must have been.

But she was trained in a great school.

RUTH is a born and bred New Yorker—and she loves New York, though not quite as much as she loves Paris. And that, in a way, is natural, for she can trace her ancestry back through the annals of French aristocracy to 1222, when the famous name of de Chamont is first mentioned.

The blood of French aristocrats that flows through her veins is apparent enough. But there is another side to Chatterton. The ancestor she likes best herself is her grandfather, one Andrew Reed, an upstate New York farmer of Scotch-English descent who drank his coffee out of a saucer and became a successful naval architect.

It was not intended that Ruth, who was an only child, should work for a living, and she went to an exclusive New York boarding school to be trained for the social side of life. But suddenly there wasn't any money left, and Ruth, who had always wanted to act, got herself a job in a stock company in Washington, D. C.

Three years later, when Ruth was seventeen, Henry Miller was looking for some one to play the delicious girl-child of The Rainbow.

He fell in love with her voice on the telephone—people are always falling in love with Ruth's voice—and ordered her to come and see him.

So her life and her love began at the very peak. When she was a young girl she had the adoration and the companionship of a man whom most women of mature years would have been glad to know.

Henry Miller is dead now. But he belongs in the gallery of American immortals. He was a great actor, of course, but he was more than that. A man of power who could create drama and then make it live beneath his hand. Many women loved him and theater audiences worshiped him for two decades.

I can see him now as I first saw him in The Great Divide—the vivid gaze, the square-built virile body, the magnetic personality that swept across the footlights and held you spellbound.

ALWAYS he was his own man, king of his theaters and his companies, ruler of his domain. Until one day a slim young thing just out of school, with long soft curls down her back, came into his life. He was never his own man after that—nor wished to be.

She was a great many years younger than he was. But what was age to people like Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton? He heard her speak—and he said until the day of his death that Ruth Chatterton had the most beautiful speaking voice in the world and that to hear her speak was better than to hear most prima donnas sing—and he looked into the clear blue eyes and knew that he had found a woman and an actress beyond his wildest dreams.

That he loved her completely and absolutely for many years no one has ever thought of denying. Together they gave the American theater some of its greatest moments. Together they wrote plays and acted them.

He taught her everything he knew about acting—and he was a master. But he did more than that. He taught her everything that he knew about life—and it was a great deal. When she was little more than a child, he began to form her mind, to feed her hungry young spirit with all that was best in art and literature.

When she was still in her teens she knew the daily companionship and devotion of a man whose mind was outstanding.

He was an arrogant, violent, brilliant, erratic man. Neither a patient one nor gentle. In that long and close companionship, while they worked side by side, she came to understand a great deal about men. And because she loved him and respected him and knew his worth, she grew tolerant of unimportant things. She developed a tact that was of the inner spirit, not mere lip service. If sometimes he hurt her, if sometimes it was necessary to fight to save her own personality from complete dominance, she learned to see the real things of his nature, to look beneath the surface eccentricities, and to have the patience that is born only of understanding.

Henry Miller taught her many things—and she taught herself many more.

She is the laziest woman physically I have ever seen. Oh, she swims, and very well, too—and plays tennis a bit—and sometimes she gets herself together and goes for a walk. But she doesn't really like it. The truth is that she abhors all forms of athletics for herself. On the stage and screen she'll work like a ditch digger. Outside of that, she prefers to sit—or curl up on a cushioned seat

THE FLY AND THE BICYCLES

A Puzzle by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

Once upon a time there was a stretch of road twenty miles long. At each end of this road was a bicyclist, and at exactly the same instant they started riding toward one another at a constant speed of ten miles an hour, continuing until their front wheels touched. At the instant of their starting, a fly, which was perched on the front wheel of one of the bicycles, started to fly toward the other at a speed of fifteen miles an hour. He flew until he touched the other front wheel and instantly started back, always at the same speed, till he touched the front wheel of the first, and so on, flying back and forth between the wheels until he was crushed as they met. Each journey naturally was shorter than the one before.

Now all you have to do is to figure out—exactly how far did the fly fly?

(The answer will be found on page 46.)

in the sun or before a fire—and talk. Everybody waits on Ruth—everybody!

Her temper is something to write home about, too. It comes like a flash of lightning on a summer day, for usually she is serene and altogether charming. When Ruthie does get mad, everybody looks for cover. She doesn't mince any words, believe me. Nine times out of ten she gets mad in defense of somebody she likes, somebody who is attacked. And in Ruth's psychology the best defense is a good offensive. If you start rapping a friend of hers, put on your bullet-proof vest.

And Ruthie likes some funny people. Her vital interest, her absolute refusal to judge any one, her vivid concentration on anything that is worth-while in any person, often obscures her judgment. She'll find something interesting in some bum—and you can't do anything about it—not a thing. I've heard her mother and Ralph and George and her best women friends try, and it doesn't mean a thing. If Ruth likes somebody, the best you'll get by trying to explain that said somebody ought to be in jail is a wide soft look and a smile. And the worst you'll get is a flash of the Chatterton temper. Which is tough, because Ruth never loses her temper except in what she believes to be a good cause. She'd probably call it "righteous indignation." Maybe it is.

She's a good business woman in driving a bargain—but money melts in her presence. Money is to spend and give away; it is nothing of itself.

And all these things—the physical, feminine laziness, the flashing temper, the easy extravagance — men seem to find real—and charming.

RUTH is not the kind of woman who gives advice. I doubt very much if when Noel Coward read her Design for Living she told him how to rewrite it. If she had been the kind of woman who would do that, she wouldn't have been the one woman whom Noel Coward loved well enough to invite into his isolation, whom he loved well enough to have around for weeks while he was going through the torture of writing a play and whipping it into shape. If there was anything she could give him from her long experience of the stage, anything practical from her knowledge of stagecraft and "theater," probably she gave it to him and let him decide its worth.

What she probably did—and, knowing her, I can see her do it—was to sit with her blue eyes wide and let him play the new melody upon her all-expressive face. She let him give her the joy of this new effort—and in giving that joy she inspired him to make it better. Maybe that isn't clear, but that's the way she does it. You go on piling up the joy of giving her pleasure.

There are few people who know how to receive graciously and beautifully. She does.

During her first year, when everything went wrong in Hollywood, when Ruth touched the bottom of life, when she was broke and never told any one, when she couldn't get a job and never bothered anybody about it, Ramon Novarro used to go to her house every night and sing for her. It was a funny little house. People wandered about it. They didn't know that Ruth was down to eight dollars, literally, and didn't know where any more was coming from.

One night part of the floor fell down into the cellar.

But for all that, I will never forget the picture of Ruth sitting in a high-backed chair, her head thrown back, the light falling upon her hair that was like California sherry with the sunshine upon it, her eyes dreaming. And Ramon, looking like a young Sir Galahad, singing hour after hour, pouring the worship that was in his eyes into the exquisite melody that flowed from his lips. Ah, that was a troubadour singing to his lady—a knight and a troubadour. And it is not every woman who can transform an ordinary young man into a knight and a troubadour.

EMIL JANNINGS, one of the greatest actors of all times, was the first to see Ruth's possibilities as a screen star. Then the biggest drawing card on the lot, Jannings stormed into the Paramount inner offices one afternoon and demanded Ruth Chatterton as his next leading lady. The studio executives were shocked and skeptical. Miss Chatterton was a stage actress—she knew nothing of motion pictures. Moreover she had no sex appeal.

Those who heard it still declare that Jannings's explosion was a classic.

"Do you not think," he said, "that a great artist like this can bridge that little gulf? She has no sex appeal? Do you think sex appeal must be tacked on to a woman like a red flag? Already I am in love with Ruth Chatterton—and I am a faithful husband.

"I love her—and she will make every one love her as I do. There are many kinds of love."

And Emil Jannings went right on loving her, with a big, blustering, honest devotion, and he worked day and night to teach her the technical differences between the stage and the camera.

. . . and in a garden close
Translucent flowers cut the calm with musk
On yellow marble delicately twined,
Where, silent as her heavy petalled rose,
A golden queen waits in a golden dusk.

So George Sterling, who loved her with all his poet's soul and wrote of her many inspired words, sang.

I rather think that is the way a lot of men have seen her, though they had not his gift of words to say it: "A golden queen waits in a golden dusk."

THE END

THESE SOLES PUT SHOE BILLS ON THE TOBOGGAN

YOU can't keep hearty youngsters from scuffling through snow, or sliding on every glaze of ice — but you can cut the high shoe-cost of their fun Just put them in shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles!

No other sole made can beat these famous soles for long wear. They make the whole shoe wear longer—because a shoe stands up as long as its sole is good. They're waterproof, too — an important consideration in sloppy weather.

That's why you'll find these comfortable sure-footed soles on more shoes today than ever — *they save money!* Ask for them on new shoes — your own as well as children's — or when having shoes repaired. You pay nothing extra for their extra service!

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

NRA

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot
SOLES and HEELS

Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

Let's Have Less

If You Don't Get a Laugh Out of This Story, You'd Better See a Doctor

(Reading time: 22 minutes 18 seconds.)

SOME men are mice at the first look, according to my friend Mac. He says that regardless of appearance—whether they're poor or prosperous, whether they wear silk hats or sombreros—you feel so sorry for them after one peek that you want to cry. The second he saw this little fellow, Mac picked him for one of them—the army of the timidly dumb. Never more than a skip ahead of a scare, never more than a jump and a half in front of the jitters. That's the sort he seemed to Mac.

He wore a respectable middle-aged derby, just in the prime of life, only for a new crack in the front of the brim; and he had some red hair and not very much chin. He'd just skittered into a steel office locker and was scrooged in there behind a stenographer's coat.

Of course you couldn't blame him, in a way, Mac says, when you got a look at the three lads who'd just come shouldering into the front door of the Carmoran Finance Company offices. Even so, the little fellow seemed even a sadder specimen by contrast with Manville.

Manville is manager of the New York office. He always sits up straight behind his desk, solid as the rear end of an interurban bus. Mac had just dropped in on the way by to say how to him, because a life insurance man has to keep in touch with all his friends every so often. When all this happened, Manville was in the middle of his speech. It's the one he makes once in every conversation.

"Imagination!" he snorted, waving hands like hams. "Imagination, blah!"

He has a surprising voice for a strapping big fellow. It's squeaky and shrill.

"They used to write flossy editorials about it," Manville said scathingly. "If you just had enough imagination you jumped from office boy to junior executive overnight. They didn't say anything about jumping back again. I've got a dozen junior executives drawing twenty-five a week—and it's all they're worth for running around collecting installments and occasionally chasing down a few skips. I don't *want* them to go using imagination. We don't need it. Did *I* ever use any imagination?"

"Did you?" Mac asked.

"Golly day!" Manville said. "Why, golly day! The reason I'm manager of this office and making a success of it is because I represent the spirit of the times. That's what I do, Mac! None of this fancy headwork stuff. We've had too much of that, and it's got us where we are today in this country."

Just then this little fellow came skittering by so fast

Several men came bursting from the apartment house. He kicked away at the sidewalk for all he was worth.

Imagination

By JEROME B. BARRY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

that he nearly knocked Mac's chair from under him, holding his derby hat between his face and the door. He made a dive into the coat locker and tried to pull it closed on himself.

The three men who came barging in past the reception clerk weren't so ugly at the first glance—not the hobo kind of ugly. They wore expensive suits, and when they came up and leaned on Manville's desk they smelled of massage cream. One with a single black eyebrow that ran from temple to temple stuck his jaw out at Manville.

"Hey, Charlie, where's the little red-headed mug?"

"My name, sir, is Manville." A big man with a nice pair of shoulders can make a statement like that sound pretty crushing.

Eyebrow didn't seem in the mood to be crushed, though. He said, "Listen, Charlie. Maybe you'd like the brother o' the slug in the eye that I give your little guy. If he hadn't 'a' run like Man o' War, he'd 'a' got the rest o' what he's goin' to get now if I can lay a duke on him."

He took a deep breath, and his smoothly fitted suit drew tight over his chest and over a bulge in his left armpit. His two supporters took deep breaths too, and grew little bulges of their own.

Manville said, "Oh. . . . You mean you have a complaint to make about one of our men."

"I mean I have a bang in the horn to give him, Charlie, for tryin' to steal my car yesterday. He comes out to Leora, New Jersey, where I'm spendin' a quiet weekend with some relatives, see? And he hops in my Vitessa twin eight when I'm not lookin' and tries to drive it away. The dirty little crook!"

"Hm. I see. . . . You're Mr. Thomas Finucci."

"Sure. I'm Feets Finucci."

Mac says he felt his scalp prickle.

Here was the beer baron himself, then, with some of his brotherhood still behind him.

"Our representative could hardly be called a thief, Mr. Finucci," Manville said. "If he followed instructions, which I'm sure he did, he must have had in his pocket the contract signed by you which gives us the right to repossess the car when the payments are in arrears." He sat up straight and looked very forthright and noble. "Our men are also instructed never to cause any unpleasantness in repossessing a car; and I shall speak firmly to our representative when I see him. He is very much at fault for having caused you this annoyance."

"If I'd 'a' knew he had that contract with him," Mr. Finucci said regretfully, "instead o' puttin' the slug on him and givin' him a chance to lam, I'd 'a' let him have the heat. Where is he? Hey, Charlie? Where is he?"

"Why, I understand it now," Manville said, unbending into a dignified smile. "Just before you came in he was looking out the window, and I was wondering why he suddenly ran out and jumped into an elevator. It's hardly any use for you gentlemen to wait for him, because when he calls up I shall certainly tell him he's discharged. Carmoran Finance doesn't want employees who cause any one *(Continued on page thirty-two)*

"All right Mr. C
AT YOUR 1934

What do Mr. and Mrs. America want in their next automobile? Read what they say above—then read Walter P. Chrysler's answer and his description of the New Plymouth Six.

America's biggest low-priced car . . . the De Luxe Plymouth Six. One hundred and fourteen inch wheelbase, 16-inch wheels and Airwheel tires as standard equipment. Equipped with all-weather perfected ventilation.

"But don't think we're going to be eas to sell. We'll spend our hard-earn dollars in a hard-headed way."

"WE'RE JUST a young couple needing a new ca but without a lot of money to spend for it.

"We're interested in your new Plymouth . . . and we planning to go see it right now. We have ideas about the c we want. It must be sturdy so we can keep it a long ti We want an economical car—we can't afford a gas eater.

"We've got a couple of youngsters—so we want room. want comfort, for them and for ourselves. And you can your bottom dollar we want to feel *safe*. That's one rea Plymouth appeals to us.

"And let us make this point clear. You make good au mobiles, but other people do too. We want our mone worth for every dollar we spend.

"So, Mr. Chrysler, we're going to look at the N Plymouths. If they've got the goods, we'll buy!"

RYSLER, WE'LL LOOK
LYMOUTH SIX"—

Walter P. Chrysler, famous automotive engineer and builder, invites you to see the 1934 Plymouth Six that will be displayed soon.

"Plymouth's the only low-priced car with Individual Springing, Floating Power, Safety-Steel Body, Hydraulic Brakes."

"YOU'RE QUITE right in what you say. I think that most people have stopped taking cars for granted . . . or buying them purely from habit. They're looking and riding . . . and that's why Plymouth has been so successful.

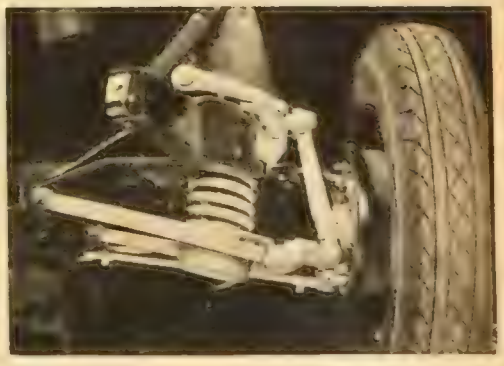
"This year, the *ride* is particularly important. Our engineers have eliminated the front axle. They've given each front wheel its own spring. Even the lowest-price model has this individual springing. Our great effort has been to give you an easier riding, more comfortable car.

"In addition, we've given you a 77-horsepower engine. The bodies are bigger. The whole car is much more beautiful than last year. And let me stress one point in particular.

"Again in 1934, Plymouth is the only low-priced car with Floating Power engine mountings, a body of steel reinforced with steel, and hydraulic brakes.

"I think it's the best engineered car in its field. But you be the judge. Ride in a Plymouth—and I think you'll buy it."

Perfected ventilation—on all De Luxe models—the whole front window drops and the windshield opens. Comfort in all kinds of weather.



Individual Front Wheel Springing as used on the Plymouth is simple, rugged and reliable. It ends the bumpy ride, does away with shimmy.

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

ON DISPLAY SOON AT ALL DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

(Continued from page twenty-nine) the bother he seems to have given you, Mr. Finucci."

Manville rose. In person he escorted them to the elevator.

Mac has never, he says, seen Manville look so dominant and forceful as when he came striding back through the office like an angry Titan.

"You, Geoghegan!" Manville shouted, and snatching the little man from among the stenographers' coats, he shook him like a crap shooter working for his fifth pass.

"What do you mean by causing a scene like this?" he cried, roaring tenor in his rage.

"Y-y-you told me to g-g-get that Vitessa, Mr. Manville," Geoghegan stammered.

"Your standing instructions are to drive the car off, but only if you can do it without causing a row; otherwise you're to report its whereabouts, so we can get a replevin."

"By the time we get a replevin he's back in the city and we have the job of locating the car to do all over again. He was in Leora just for the week-end, and I imagined—"

The hated word touched Manville off. "Golly day! Imagined? What the holy Nellie were you trying out your imagination for? Suppose you start imagining you've found another job. I know. I know all about the wife and the three little Geoghegans. I've heard about them before; but this is the last time. . . . Mac, will you do me a favor? Bring your car around to the back entrance and pick up Geoghegan there. Run him away somewhere out of here quick, before those babies catch up with him and hand him his own head."

NOW and then, on the way uptown, Mac stole a glance at little Geoghegan. He was staring at the dashboard, looking like an absent-minded rabbit.

He said, "Dearie me, I guess he meant I'm fired, don't you suppose?"

"I'm afraid so."

After a while Geoghegan ventured, "If I drove around with that Vitessa tomorrow, though, he'd take me back. Don't you think he would?"

It made Mac want to cry. Here was this little chipmunk, fired from a cheap job, cheering himself up by dreaming of a daring exploit against the guns of the Finucci gang.

"Geoghegan," Mac said, "we need a drink."

Geoghegan seemed to brighten a bit.

"Thanks," he said. "I know a good place in the Eighties."

He introduced Mac to a bartender named Herman.

"Let's have a couple of Horsefeathers Specials *à la* Herman," Geoghegan said. "I have to have an inspiration about how to find that Vitessa."

"Absolutely! We've certainly got to get that car, first of all," Mac said heartily. "How did you find out it had gone to Leora in the first place?" he asked. "Did Manville tip you off?"

"Who? Him? No. All he does is sit there and tell us he's the Spirit of the Times. Maybe he's right about himself, though. This is a great day for the stay-putters."

"The what?" Mac asked.

"There was a time when go-getters went big," Geoghegan said sadly. "But nobody has any use for them now; everybody's holding his head and putting his trust in the fellow who sits tight and passes the buck and says no-no-no-no before you open your mouth to him. Right now the stay-putters are riding high. And Manville is the stay-puttest of them all."

He sighed again and picked up his drink, and Mac sighed and drank with him. The Horsefeathers Special tasted mildly of licorice. But when it seeped down, Mac says, it made your interior feel like an Italian street fair in Mulberry Bend, where they hang festoons of colored lights in all directions.

"Then how did you know Feets Finucci had gone to Leora for the week-end?" Mac asked.

"Well, I knew the address of the apartment he'd just been dispossessed from, so I—"

"Dispossessed from?" Mac said. "I thought beer barons rolled in wealth."

"Not since the beer bill passed," Geoghegan said.

"They can make the stuff, but they can't sell it. So of course I went there first of all and broke open the letter box. There was—"

"Wait!" Mac cried. "Man alive, don't you know you could go to jail for that?"

"I know," Geoghegan said, blinking at him with an air of faint surprise. "But all we collectors do it when we have to. Anything to hold the job. It's sort of unofficial routine. Maybe your man hasn't left a forwarding address for fear of being traced. He figures on coming back later to pick up any mail. All you do is peek at the return addresses on the envelopes and look up those people. You may get a line on him that way."

Little Geoghegan sat there with his cracked derby pushed back on his skimpy ginger hair, looking as mild as the Horsefeathers drink, except for the big blue bruise under one eye.

"Two more Specials, Herman," he said, and then added apologetically, "I've just got to get an idea somehow."

"Did you find anything in the mail box?" Mac asked.

"A picture post card signed 'Uncle Mario' and postmarked Leora. It said in Italian, 'I thought you were

Eyebrow said, " Listen, Charlie. Maybe you'd like the brother o' the slug in the eye that I give your little guy."

coming out some Sunday soon. What's the matter?' I copied it and had a fruit-store man translate it. The next day was Sunday, so I thought there was a chance Feets might be keeping his date. I called up Leora on long-distance. You know those small-town operators are up on everything that's going on. I said, ' I want to get hold of Tom Finucci in a hurry. You know—Feets. Is he over at his Uncle Mario's?' She said, ' No, Pasquale Rizzuto just called up, and they all went over there. I'll connect you.' So I hung right up and went out to Leora. I nearly got the Vitessa, too. I would have, only his sister looked out the window at the wrong second and recognized me."

Mac said, " How in time did his sister know you? "

" Well, to find out the address of his apartment, I'd made the rounds of his family, mother, sister, cousins, and so on. Sometimes I was taking a census of the unemployed; sometimes I was a telephone inspector or a plumber sent by the landlord to look for a leak. Then I would try to get them into a conversation. But now they know me. Dearie me, I don't know what to do."

HIS head drooped. Mac put an arm around his shoulders and said firmly: " Geoghegan, I'm on your side, first, last, and one hundred per cent. Herman, a couple more.

" And, furthermore, I want to see you get square with those scoundrels. Geoghegan, I like you."

Geoghegan gave him a gentle, timid smile. " Thanks ever so much, Mac. I mean that. But I couldn't let you do it."

" Do what? " It must have been the Horsefeathers, because Mac couldn't even remember what it was he'd offered.

" I couldn't let you help me to get the car back. The only thing I'm going to let you do is make one telephone call for me."

He explained the whole thing to Mac beforehand and rubbed some ice out of a glass on the back of his neck, so that when Mac stood in the telephone booth he had his talk all ready.

" If you are the lady of the house," he pattered, " you'll be interested in our offer of a five-pound package of biscuit flour absolutely free, in return for which we ask only an impartial criticism of our radio advertising feature, Gladys Gazoop and Her Ga-ga Gang. This is Gargantuan Foods Corporation's advertising research department. Madam, have you ever listened to Gladys Gazoop? "

That was a safe bet, for Gladys was the new sensation of the ether.

" Sure, sometimes," said a hesitant lady basso with a strong Neapolitan accent.

Geoghegan, crowded in the booth alongside Mac, nodded eagerly. It was Mrs. Filomena Finucci, mother of the redoubtable Eyebrow.

" That's fine," Mac burbled. " We want our radio audience to help direct our entertainment policy. We want you to tell us just what kind of programs you'd like Gladys to present. In return we give you absolutely free a five-pound package of Ready Biscuitaire, the Featherlight Flour. It solves all your hot-bread problems. It Needs Nothing but an Oven and an Appetite." He read the last part from a newspaper advertisement that Geoghegan held under his chin.

" It's-a free? Hokay," the lady said.

" Thank you, madam. Our representative will call shortly with your package of Ready Biscuitaire, the Featherlight Flour."

Mac hung up, and they had another Special and left the speak.

" Dearie me, Mac," Geoghegan said wistfully, " but you certainly are good. If I could only pass out half as slick a line, I'd have had that Vitessa back long ago. Well, I guess I'd better trot along. Unless maybe you'd be good enough to give me a lift as far as a grocery."

Mac's affectionate commiseration for Geoghegan had begun to broaden out until it covered all the neighboring parts of Yorkville.

" What do you want from a grocery, Geoghegan? " he demanded. " Any grocery. Just name it."

" Why, three packages of Ready Biscuitaire, Mac. And could you borrow a basket to carry them, maybe? We need only one package for Mrs. Finucci, but it'll look more natural to have a couple of extra ones along when you drop in on her, because you're supposed to be distributing them."

" When I—"

" Well, she knows me, Mac."

Mac frowned silently for a moment. Then his face cleared suddenly and he beamed at East Eighty-second Street. " Oh, sure," he said benignly.

By a strange coincidence, Mrs. Finucci's apartment was only a block or two away. Mac left Geoghegan in the car around the corner and climbed three flights.

Mrs. Finucci opened the door on the chain and peered out. What seemed odd to Mac was that she and the entryway behind her were going slowly round and round.

"Madam," said Mac, selecting one of the three packages in the basket on his arm and bowing from the hips—or rather, since the floor wavered at just the wrong moment, bowing from one hip—"on behalf of the Gargantuan Foods Corporation I proffer you the promised guerdon of one of the three Biscuitaires, the Horsefeatherlight Flour."

He extended the package solemnly, but as she reached for it through the chink of the door, he drew it back.

"Pardon me, madam, but I must first have your valued advice as to our future radio programs."

Mrs. Finucci shrugged. "Maybe she sing La Spagnola," she said indifferently, and grabbed for the package.

"Madam," said Mac, "La Gazoop shall sing La Spagnola. Oh, and of course"—he again withdrew the box from the greedy brown fingers—"we must first have the list which we always require, a list of ten of your friends."

Mrs. Finucci rubbed the doorknob with a meditative thumb.

Mac rattled the other two Biscuitaires in his basket. "I have a few more calls to make, madam. Perhaps some one else will accept your package."

The lady snapped her fingers. "Hokay," she said. "Gimme."

Mac took the list around to the car. He patted Geoghegan consolingly on the back. "I looked it over, pal, and we're licked. But it was a good try. I'll always say that."

Some men are mice —you feel so sorry for them you want to cry.

"I'd sort of thought," Geoghegan said, as he peered at the list, "that maybe she might put her son's address down. But, just as you say, Mac, they're all dames. Mrs. This and Mrs. That."

Before Mac could think of any remark to cheer him up, Herman laid a couple of Horsefeathers Specials on the table between them. Mac tried to figure out how Herman and the table had got into the car, but after a while he saw in a flash that none of them were in the car. They were all back in the speak.

HE said, "Geoghegan, you little rascal, you can drive my car, can't you?" It was a masterly bit of deduction, he admits, because at the moment he had only the whisper of a suspicion that he was anywhere near the point when he couldn't have driven back from Mrs. Finucci's himself.

Geoghegan said, "Don't drink up yet, Mac. We have a telephone call to make. Nine of the list are Missises, but there's one Miss. Miss Angelina Tedesco. Now, don't you think there's just a chance she could be a girl friend of Feets's? Maybe a nice girl that his mother would like to see him marry?"

"Then we ought to save her from him," Mac said firmly. "If she's as decent a girl as all that, he has no business buzzing around her. Did you say we're going to call her up? Where's the booth?"

"You're in it now," Geoghegan said, and when Mac checked up he found that he was, with his neck all wet from the ice out of at least two glasses and his head all full of instructions. There must have been another hiatus somewhere. In a second or two Mac found himself talking to Miss Angelina Tedesco.

"Hey, Angie," he said, following Geoghegan's coaching, "this is Mike. You don't know me, but I'm a friend of Feets Finucci's. He's down here, and is he full of gin and fighting drunk? Whee-YOW! He's taking a sock at everybody, and he wants to go up to your place and clean up. We're trying to get him home and put him to bed, only he won't tell us where he hangs out now. . . . Sure, Angie; if we don't get him home and quieted down, he'll go up there and bust you one, or get himself pinched, or something. . . . Atta girl, Angie. Is that east or west? Okay, baby."

"Drink up quick and let's go," Geoghegan urged. "Maybe he's there now."

Mac remembers sitting beside Geoghegan in the car, watching streets go by with a fast outcurve on them. When they stopped, Geoghegan took him by the arm and they got out and walked to the cigar store on the corner and took a peep along the side street. There was a car about fifty feet down the block—a long slapdash swaggerer of a bus.

"THE Vitessa?" Mac whispered.

"Dearie me," Geoghegan said dispiritedly, "in this light I wouldn't know without a closer look, and there's some one sitting in it. If it's Feets's car, they must be watching it, and I wouldn't dare go near it."

"I don't blame you," Mac agreed.

"And I wouldn't ask you to walk by and see what kind of car it is—"

"All right, let's go back to Herman's," Mac said, yawning.

"—because," Geoghegan went on, "if they did suspect you, you couldn't run for a darn, you're that drunk."

"I could so run for a darn," Mac rejoined warmly.

"You can't run to that news stand up the avenue and back without stumbling," Geoghegan declared.

It was a wonderful sensation, Mac says. The sidewalk slithered by under you with a sort of wavy motion, and you floated above it and kicked it with one foot and then the other to keep it from slowing down.

Geoghegan said, "Dearie me, Mac! Dearie me, you're a wonderful runner! Sit on the stoop and get your wind while I go in the cigar store and get some cigarettes."

Mac was so elated over his turn of speed that he couldn't sit quiet on the stoop and gasp. He had to get up and trot around in little ellipses, and that's how he caught sight of Geoghegan coming out of the booth in the cigar store.

He didn't ask about it, though, for Geoghegan, as soon as he came out, said, "Mac, any one who can run like you doesn't need to worry about a thing. Have you got your wind back? Okay. Now, you just walk past that car and sneak a look at the radiator. See if it's a Vitessa. That's positively all. And I'll watch. If I yell, 'Run!' then you run."

The street was as quiet as Wall Street at midnight as Mac passed the big car; but when he slowed up and tried to get a good squint over his shoulder at the insignia on the radiator, things began to happen. The fellow in the car jumped out over the door; several men came bursting from the apartment house; and the far voice of Geoghegan yelled, "Run! Run!" Mac ran.

He stayed up there and kicked away at the sidewalk for all he was worth until it was weaving by below him at a noble rate. The trouble was, he overdid. He got it going too fast and couldn't keep up with it. As soon as he went down, there were dozens of men on top of him.

When Feets Finucci's voice roared, "Out o' my way! Where is he?" some one stopped punching Mac and pulled him to his feet. Altogether, there were four men thronging about him.

"Hey, this ain't the little redhead," Feets said. Then he shouted suspiciously, "Where is he? Who's watchin' that car?"

There was the whoop of a horn, and a car went by in

a rush of dust and wind. A big, insolent car; and at the wheel, his derby shoved to the back of the head with an effect of wild astonishment, was the timid little figure of Geoghegan.

Out of a heavy silence a voice inquired, "What's that guy say over the telephone, Feets?"

"He said," Feets grated, "to look out quick, because some one was comin' by to put the finger on my Vitessa. Hold him right, Joe, while I take a good wind-up." . . .

Some days later Mac dropped into the Carmoran Finance Company.

"Where's Geoghegan?" he asked.

Manville stared at him reprovingly and squared his shoulders. "Don't get tough, Mac," he said. "You let Geoghegan alone. You can't pull any Finucci stuff with us."

"I've already figured out three different ways of never seeing Geoghegan again," Mac said. "I just wanted to know how he made out. If I met him, I'd pat him admiringly on the back—though I'm that shaky from a liquid diet, I *might* miss and cuff him on the whiskers. But I'm not getting tough."

"Then what are you talking between your teeth for, and sticking out your chin?"

"The doc wired it that way," Mac said, "with gold wire between my grinders. Finucci cracked it, and I'm living on sherry and egg, through straws, at every speak I pass."

When he finished telling about it, Manville crowed with laughter. "You belong in the same class with the rest of them," he gurgled. "Dumb. All dumb. When that dumb little Geoghegan drove the car in the other morning, I gave him one more chance; but if he pulls another boner like that Leora thing, out he goes. I give my men intelligent orders, and I want them carried out blindly to the letter, without any frills. I'll attend to all the thinking that's done in this department. As long as Geoghegan remembers that, I'll keep him on. But whenever—"

"Hitler and Mussolini together," Mac said, "couldn't fire that little weasel and make it stick. Brother, don't you know genius when you see it?"

IT was enough to make a man seethe with speech, Mac says, to think of that neglected talent, still undiscovered and unnoticed, like a modest little flower left to rot in a rut. But just then Manville sniffed and said, "I suppose he was telling you about how he used to be a vice president of some company that blew up, in charge of sales at twelve thousand a year."

Mac blinked and gulped. "No!" He saw a great deal all at once.

"Oh, I guess it's true enough, as far as it goes. They say he'd look sad and hopeless, and finagle a deep-sea diving outfit into stocking up on parachutes; but golly day, I'll bet that's just talk. Who wasn't a vice president a few years ago, and who couldn't sell anybody anything? We're living under a totally different order of things today, and he's reduced to diddling dim-wits like you!" He took time out for another spasm of mirth. "Today the man who rules is the man with the one-track mind—"

"Like you," Mac said. Manville's nasty merriment wasn't mixing well with the sherry and egg and the fractured jawbone. "Listen once. I'm making a prediction. You stay-putters have had your hour. The tide is turning right now.

"Before the year is out you'll all be taking orders again from Geoghegan or some one like him. The go-getting Geoghegans will once more replace the Manvilles in the saddle—and God knows which makes my chin ache worse when I think of it."

"Mac," Manville said, "you're a dizzy sap, and like the rest of the dumb ones you have too much imagination. Let me tell you about imagination—"

He must have been right, at that, for that very moment Mac was imagining vividly how funny Manville would look with his wastebasket turned over and jammed down around his ears. There must be *something* in imagination, Mac says, because, as it turned out, he certainly did.

THE END

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New York *Must Clean House!*

New York's historic City Hall, built 1803-12.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE victory of the Fusion ticket in New York City last November was not a personal one. It was distinctly and decisively a defeat of Tammany Hall and the assistant Tammany ticket, or the subordinate Tammany ticket, or however the Recovery Party may be designated. It was a crushing defeat for the type of political bosses who have been in control of New York City so long and who have administered the greatest city in the country to financial ruin. It was an indignant protest against political and criminal racketeering, against exploitation, graft, and corruption. It proved conclusively that partners in bad government under which New York City had been suffering, and those who were part of the Tammany machine, either silent or active, could not obtain the confidence of the majority of the people of this city, no matter how they disguised themselves, no matter what lofty names they assumed, and no matter what profession of purity they then made.

That the result of this local election attracted attention throughout the country is not surprising. Many, if not all, of the large cities have or are now suffering from machine politics. Many of them have been brought to financial ruin by a vicious political machine. New York has always been the terrible example of such a condition. If overthrow of the machine was possible in New York, it will be possible elsewhere. The fact that the people of New York were able to do it brought encouragement and hope to cities throughout the United States. What is more, Fusion was able to defeat the two Tammany machines without a large campaign fund, and as a matter of fact spent less than in any municipal campaign in the history of this city, and spent less than the defeated parties (excepting the Socialist).

To New Yorkers it brings new hope in municipal life. It brings a new era in civic progress. The government of the City of New York is the greatest social agency in the country. Under its jurisdiction it has agencies of education, health, welfare, prisons and correction, recreation, parks, playgrounds, and the agencies for protection of human life and safety.

Too often life in New York is merely a squalid succession of days; whereas in fact it can be a great, living, thrilling adventure. The reason, I think, is plain. The government of the City of New York, with unparalleled opportunities, simply has not seen its opportunities; and when it has seen them, has not been able to make use of them. We need imagination at City Hall—imagination for the other fellow; and hitherto all we have had has been astuteness to find personal advantage. I have been accused of being an idealist in this matter; I propose to go right on with my idealism. Further, I know that now our ideals can be brought to reality.

First and foremost, I want justice on the broadest scale. By this I do not mean the justice that is handed out in police courts. I mean the justice that gives to every one some chance for the beauty and the better things of life. I think I know how to get it. Here are some of the ways it can be obtained:

The problem of housing must be met. I will not here go into the technicalities of that subject. Briefly, the problem of housing should be considered in a comprehensive fashion rather than piecemeal. The federal government has at length made it possible for the municipalities to do so. The State of New York is, I think, in a mood to facilitate the operations. Architecture and regional planning have developed to a point where we can really say we know what we want. In putting the substructure of decent environment under life, we shall be making the greatest single contribution.

Next, I want in the crowded playgrounds more adequate provision for wholesome recreation. We have in the relief lines thousands of men who can help with the necessary work. Giving a man a job is the only solution for the unemployment problem. No better use could be made of our unemployment relief program than further to develop our recreational resources. The large number of street accidents to children emphasizes this need.

In matters of health we are in a peculiar condition. New York has its tremendous Health Department. It is not used to full efficiency now. It has been serviceable, but it can be made a great deal more so.

THERE is no one in our city who needs help more than an unemployed man who is also sick. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor recently pointed out that in one district in the East Side sickness has increased 83 per cent in two years, and that sickness has been especially bad among undernourished children. For these people we must have both food and adequate hospital service. It is in times of depression that the public health is at the lowest. Unemployment, lack of funds, naturally mean undernourishment, improper living conditions, improper and unsanitary housing, and improper and insufficient clothing. Therefore in times of depression the Health Department moves as the first line of defense in the fight against depression.

First and foremost in importance is the elimination of tuberculosis. Last year, just under 4,000 persons died in this city from tuberculosis, an average of eleven persons a day. To be sure, this death rate has been greatly re-

No Longer Can the City Flourish Without the Respect of the Nation, Says Its Dynamic New Leader—Here, in Detail, Are His Hopes, His Dreams, and His Program

By F. H. LaGUARDIA

MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY

Keystone View photo
Major LaGuardia

duced, but we need to think more about the 4,000 deaths that still occur per year than about the four or five thousand deaths a year which have been prevented.

Is there any reason why we should not go on and prevent these 4,000 deaths per year? Not the least. Are we actually carrying out our present knowledge about the control of tuberculosis? Far from it. Experts tell us that with the aid of X ray, tuberculosis can now be discovered with practical certainty in its early stages. What is needed is the determination to do it, and a qualified staff, and X-ray machines, proper laboratory equipment, and other facilities. Instead of any let-down in the vigilance of tuberculosis control, it should be speeded up and all the recent knowledge should be promptly utilized.

The reduction in needless deaths of babies is

"From Bowling Green to the south boundaries of Yonkers, from the Hudson River to Coney Island, there are great areas of the people who regard city government as a natural enemy or a devouring monster. This must not continue."

...ier instance of encouraging but still insufficient prog...s. No longer are many of the babies in this city fed with milk swarming with the germs of disease, especially in the summer. No longer do 15 or 20 per cent of the children born in the city die before they reach a year of age. Nevertheless, last year more than 5 per cent of them did, and that is still too many. It calls for doing more, not less.

We have, with our crowded city-owned hospitals, privately owned hospitals, many of which are not nearly full. They struggle under financial burdens. They do their best to get along. Their command of technical skill is unmatched. We could further coördinate the work of our overcrowded city hospitals with those of the private hospitals. Above all, health must be regarded as a right and not a favor; and all of the health machinery we have must be in action all the time.

In the matter of the police courts of the city, a really shocking situation prevails. A man is arrested, charged with some offense. If he has the right kind of political connection to move the machinery of justice, he gets off.

Crime through misfortune or through the usual human weaknesses always pays to the full, while organized and commercialized crime often escapes.

We have a Legal Aid Society of long honorable record, which can hardly handle the burdens that are thrust upon it. We have no system by which a poor man can claim justice as a right instead of a privilege. Plans to handle this situation are not wanting; they can be found in the Carnegie Foundation report, Justice and the Poor, which startled the legal profession only a few years ago. The city, with its district attorneys, its corporation counsel, its legal offices in all departments, must be so organized that its justice is an agency not to knock a man down but to draw him up, wherever it can be done. To do this we have to coördinate our Probation Department, our district attorneys' offices, our office of Commissioner of Correction, and our Parole Board. On the other hand, we must strengthen and give backbone to the agencies whose duty it is to pursue and punish racketeers and real malefactors and make sure that public offices are not used to help them to escape.

When the little man is attacked by racketeering, he is helpless. He fears to go to public authorities, for if it becomes known, he is marked for further punishment and retaliation. A way must be found to protect him and, without further endangering him, to prosecute the criminal. It is possible to work up these cases, get the evidence, and at the same time protect the complaining witness. The right kind of Police Commissioner who will not be influenced, swayed, or afraid of politicians or any other influence can wage successful warfare on racketeers, gangs, and organized crime.

WHEREVER it exists, a park must remain intact as a small part of the heritage of sunlight and fresh air to which every human being is entitled. We need more. We must develop this field, for parks and playgrounds spell freedom and release from crowded streets. There are many pieces of city land which can be transformed from dismal blotches to attractive spots.

I recognize that there are financial limitations to what we can do; still, I have hopes that many of our projects can be accomplished by bringing into play imagination and coöperation without adding to the burden of the taxpayer. I have in mind, for instance, that we can also make some plan by which we can use vacant land and lots, under some arrangement with the owners, as recreational spots. Supervision could be provided by coöperation with the settlement houses and social centers, and by using employees in the Department of Education who are not working full days, and perhaps unemployed teachers awaiting appointment.

At the risk of seeming too romantic, I have another idea which I want put into effect. New York is the great musical center of the world. It is so because millions of people know good music, like it, and go miles to find it when they can afford it. Musicians would certainly be happier playing than going to pieces under a relief system. Their audience is in every nook and cranny of New York; we have the parks and the halls for them to play in. Is there any reason in common sense why, when there is great need on the one side, and the people who can supply it on the other, the two should not be put together?

Finally, and perhaps most important, I shall put the city in close touch with the individual. We need build no new agencies for this purpose. The city is dotted with settlements and neighborhood houses which have placed themselves unreservedly at the service of the citizens in their neighborhoods. When a man comes to their door for advice, for assistance, to secure companionship for his children, or for ordinary and human good-fellowship, he need strike no political bargain. These agencies, of all denominations and of no denomination at all, have acted as mediaries between the city and its people. I want so to arrange it that when a man is in difficulties, either because of real trouble or because he does not understand the city services, there will be a straight road from his door to the place where he can get assistance; and I propose to invite the Neighborhood Houses from all sections to make their suggestions and to assist in working out a program by which this can be done.

IT is not easy for me to remain calm when I see the common right of citizens doled out to them as a favor from a political clubhouse around the corner, with the result that a vote has to be pawned or a voter put under pressure, while the favorite ringster gets first turn at everything. The various existing agencies should be able to connect at once, without need of political favor, with the city office or officer who can supply the need, whether it be for advice in connection with a child whose problems are unsolved, or for human handling in connection with a Magistrate's Court procedure. Here is a great avenue for service. Private individuals have pursued it vigorously and manfully for years. It is time the city took them into its confidence and thereby made its service open to all.

I have not attempted a full review of what can be done. From Bowling Green to the south boundaries of Yonkers, from the Hudson River to Queens and Coney Island, there are great areas of the people who regard city government either as a natural enemy, or as a devouring monster to be propitiated with offerings before the rights of citizenship can be properly secured. This must not continue. The sheer tragedy of it is that the remedy is so simple. We have in our hands the very tools of relief; all that we need is to make use of them.

One of the most important functions of local government is that of schools. We have a great educational system in New York City. We have a corps of thirty-six thousand school-teachers, a splendid corps of the finest type men and women in the whole world. Our school system, like many of our city departments, is badly managed. A most unsatisfactory Board of Education, politically appointed, continues its routine without vision or progress. Politics has not only crept into the administration of our Department of Education, but seems to control its very activities, much to the disgust and discouragement of the fine teacher body. The merit system is in effect up to the position of assistant principal, but from that point on political influence and favoritism seem to be the controlling factor.

New York City's educational system, including our three institutions of higher learning, cost $159,000,000 a year. Personally, I do not believe that the people are getting their money's worth. A great deal can be done to improve the system. The Commissioner of Education of the State of New York in a recent report makes recommendations similar to recommendations made by previous commissioners and commissions, but unheeded by the politicians who up to date have been able to prevent progress in our educational system. The carrying out of his recommendations will bring immediate and great improvement. I shall demand compliance with them. I hope to drive politics out of our schools.

The Department of Markets is of great importance to large cities, and that is particularly so in New York City. Food for seven million people cannot be grown on the asphalt sidewalks. Every bit of food consumed must be brought into the city. Distribution through a scientifically administered Department of Markets has not kept

pace with population growth. In many sections it is necessary for retailers and local markets to travel miles to a terminal market to obtain the day's supply. There seems to be no contact with the rural districts, or effort to establish more direct contacts with the producers or to reduce the cost of distribution. All of that can be accomplished without any increased cost to the taxpayers and kept within the present budget appropriations.

New York City covers nearly 310 square miles. Two million people travel every morning to their places of business and back to their homes in the evening. The city has invested some $900,000,000 in subway and rapid-transit construction. There is a difficult and critical transit problem. Two of the great rapid-transit systems are operated by two private companies, while a third system, not yet completed, is now under municipal operation. Most of the subway construction of the privately operated systems was done by the city and is owned by the City of New York. To unify these systems and to bring them under one operation is one test of the efficiency and courage of the new administration.

I wonder if the average citizen ever stops to reflect upon the direct monetary loss to New York City due to its failure to receive that measure of good will from other parts of the country to which it is entitled, because of the reputation which New York has as a city where misgovernment is rife, where racketeering is general, and where taxes are abnormally high.

I know something about that because I have served in Congress with men from every part of this nation. Many of them became my intimate friends. They represented a typical cross section of the thought and point of view of the American people.

To my sorrow and regret, I must confess that they did not have that respect for our city, that pride in its achievements which one would surely find in the hearts of citizens of any European nation for their chief metropolis.

IT is easy to say this is mere jealousy. That is not so. The American people want to be proud of New York. They do glory in its material achievements, its great buildings, its bridges and tunnels, its subways, and its museums.

What they are not proud of, what they instinctively mistrust and dislike, is found in other manifestations of our municipal life. In our local government and local politics we set a standard here in New York City which the rest of the country cannot and does not respect, which they justly believe to be unworthy of the greatest metropolis in the country; and because they resent and disapprove it, our city suffers not only morally but in a material way.

When we permit these evil conditions to exist and to be known throughout the land, we are placing a burden upon ourselves and a handicap upon those who seek to transact business in New York which is incalculably great.

It is not sufficient for those who are responsible for those conditions to give mere lip service to the greatness of our city. They seek to hide their harmful acts by hallowed phrases which are not backed up by performance.

There was a time when New York could flourish and prosper despite the handicaps which misgovernment placed upon business, both direct handicaps and those which came from the unfortunate reputation throughout the rest of the country incident to misgovernment. That time has passed. If New York City is to maintain its supremacy as the industrial, financial, commercial and transportation nerve center of the entire nation, it must clean its own house, improve its financial credit, elevate and purify its political standards, modernize its governmental machinery, correct bad social conditions which degraded, and generally seek to win for itself the confidence and respect of the nation.

THERE is no reason why we should not maintain our supremacy. We have here the greatest supply of skilled and efficient labor in the world. This means greater productivity, and, other things being equal, should enable New York to compete on fair terms for the business of the nation. I propose to encourage industry and business in New York. After all, that is the way to solve our unemployment problem.

Yes, I want more business and industry to come to New York, even if I have to adopt the Main Street methods of inviting them here.

In the years to come the need for New York City to sell itself to the American people by its accomplishments will be a factor of constantly increasing importance to me.

I think I know its potentialities for good. It is the greatest and most daring experiment in social and political democracy which this world has ever seen.

Its capital of wealth and material resources, of humanity and spiritual resources, is such as no other great city has ever commanded.

I shall not rest until my native city is the first not only in population but also in wholesome housing; not only in commerce but also in public health; until it is not only out of debt but abounding in happiness. To maintain its position, to lead in character and reputation as well as in material possession, its course must be clean, its charitable relief must be humane, its correctional procedure must be enlightened, business must be fostered and encouraged.

What an opportunity lies before the new administration! It is our responsibility in the next four years to present New York City to the nation as we wish the American people to see and know us.

THE END

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The Show

—and Elsa Steps Out: All Wrong According to Stage Tradition, But When a Girl's in Love . . .

(Reading time: 22 minutes.)

SO good of you to come to my first Friday night, Miss Venning," Mrs. Kane murmured. "It's ages since I've seen anybody from Detroit. Tell me, how is Het Taylor? And is her brother Paul still the handsomest lawyer in the world—and the worst flirt?"

Elsa Venning gave her hostess a luminous smile, just as if she hadn't innocently stabbed her through the heart. "When I left home a month ago," she said, "Het and Paul were fine." Her beautiful drooping mouth tightened a little. "And Paul was still flirting," she added. Paul had flirted straight through his short engagement to Elsa. That was why she had come to New York.

But Mrs. Kane, who hadn't heard of the engagement, was still trying to be kind. "Het Taylor writes me that you're going on the stage," she said. "You must let me know when your play opens." And Elsa, who had spent a ghastly month trying to burn through the apathy of casting agents, was relieved when Mrs. Kane introduced her to the people standing near and moved away.

A few minutes later a series of conversational eddies had carried off Elsa's companions and she was standing quite alone in the middle of the floor.

She darted one longing look around the rooms at the people she would like to know, and rushed out to the balcony. It was a warm September night, and the garden below was full of people talking and laughing together. She was marooned. She stood looking down into the garden, thinking with a sort of terror, "I mustn't turn around. If I turn I'll walk straight out of this party and tomorrow I'll go back to Detroit. If I give up now, it will be the end of everything."

And yet she did wheel and start blindly for the door. But the way was blocked by a huge man.

"You're not leaving?" he inquired with soft directness. "I was just coming out to talk to you."

Elsa instantly felt brave and gay. "No indeed," she said. "I wouldn't leave a grand party like this."

"It's no worse than most," the big man said. "That's what puzzled me. I saw a beautiful strange girl come in and look around the room, and then rush out as if we were all lepers."

"You couldn't have seen me," Elsa cried. "I mean, if you'd been anywhere around I'd surely have noticed you." She looked up at him, the great plain man with his shock of hair that might be blond or might be gray—the giant one couldn't help noticing.

He sighed good-naturedly. "I was there, looking at the dust on the tops of pictures and moldings—you have no idea how many things I see that other people miss—and you came in, ready to have the time of your life. And you wouldn't even smile at me. Why did you run away?"

"Because—" Elsa hesitated. But he was so simple, not so much a person as a landscape, like a prairie—no, there was something foreign about him. "Because I don't know a soul," she said, and found it easy to tell him about her flat attempts to get on the stage, and even about her broken engagement. "So, you see, I'm just nobody," she finished, exulting in her own humility. "I'm greedy, that's all. I want—oh, I want everything!"

"You'll get everything," he said calmly. "It's your destiny. You're earmarked for a magic life."

Korogin bent his head and began playing something that carried the same tenderness, depth under depth, as the Hundred and Ten.

Goes On

By HELEN AUGUR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU

"It's magic, your saying that," Elsa cried. He had discovered the one thing that set her apart from other people—her intense, almost superstitious faith in her own destiny.

"Whatever spell is being worked on this balcony," the big man said, "is coming entirely from you. I'm susceptible to enchantment, but I can't do anything in that line myself. Now you, for instance, didn't have to call a taxi to get to this party."

"I—" Elsa couldn't tell him that she had taken a Fifth Avenue bus to Mrs. Kane's house because she had just enough money left for another month in New York and taxis were out.

"You just put your head out of the window and whistled for a pumpkin," he said, "and a gorgeous golden chariot came rolling up. But here I am, talking about pumpkins, and I haven't invited you to lunch yet. If you have nothing better to do, will you come tomorrow?"

"How could I possibly have anything better to do? But you don't even know—I'm Elsa Venning, at the Seven Arts Club." She waited, but he didn't tell her his name. He must be somebody so important that he had assumed all along that she knew who he was.

"Till one tomorrow, then." He bent and kissed her hand. She watched him say good night to Mrs. Kane, nod around the room, and go out.

EXHILARATED and confident, Elsa went in to Mrs. Kane. "Who is the big man?" she asked.

"Didn't you recognize him? He's Nikolai Korogin."

"The conductor?" Elsa asked breathlessly. "Isn't he directing the New Philharmonic?"

"He's making it the best orchestra in the world," Mrs. Kane said. "By the way, in case Korogin's invited you to lunch, he's at the St. Moritz."

Elsa couldn't bear thinking that Korogin was kind to any lonely girl that came along. There had been something momentous in his coming to talk to her. She said slowly, "He has invited me. Does he—does he just invite people in general?"

"Inveterately," Mrs. Kane laughed. "The minute Nicky sees anybody young and new"—she glanced at Elsa as if she were noticing her for the first time—"and lovely, he lays siege. You'll have flowers before breakfast, Miss Venning. Poor Nicky! He's so huge and his devotion is so overpowering. But you won't have to stand it more than a week—it never lasts longer. By that time Nicky always finds somebody else and is perfectly happy again. You know how it is," said Mrs. Kane. "The Russians have solved the problem of perpetual emotion."

The flowers came before breakfast, just as Mrs. Kane had predicted. Three dozen crimson-and-sulphur gladioli.

The note with the flowers said: "Good morning! I've just written the first two pages of a piano concerto, a gaudy red and yellow like these gladioli. You have set a match to a fireworks factory, my lovely pyromaniac. Yours impatiently, N. K."

Elsa sang as she dressed, and went out to a tea room that had always looked too expensive, and ordered melon and scrambled eggs and a second pot of coffee. When she came back, her telephone was ringing imperiously.

"Are you never home?" the resonant bass voice inquired.

"You should have seen the breakfast I ate." Elsa

Korogin was incrusted with children. "They all try to ride the elephant," he said.

boasted. "Masses of everything, like your flowers. Thank—"

"Then you must go straight out to the park and walk until lunch," Korogin commanded. "Because you're going to have the most prodigious lunch. And then—have you noticed the weather?—then we're going to the country for the week-end."

"Oh," said Elsa.

"It's sweet of you to sound so frightened. But Acquamaria's at the farm, wearing out my best piano, and there's always Anna Michaelovna. Just bring along your little bag. Still, if you look half as bewitching as you did last night, I shall charter a plane and forget all about Anna Michaelovna—"

She heard him chuckle and click down the receiver.

"Even if she's the most beautiful ballet dancer in the world, I'll show her," Elsa vowed. "This is *my* week."

SHE packed her bag and put on her black tailleur, which was the thing to wear at the St. Moritz, where Korogin must have rooms and rooms. Then she walked in the park. At three minutes to one she went into the hotel and announced, "Mr. Korogin is expecting me for lunch." Elsa had never in her life gone to a hotel to lunch alone with a man.

But the boy said, "The party's this way, please."

There were fifty people in the private banquet room, but nobody over twelve years old. Korogin, in a rough tweed suit that made him more enormous than ever, was incrusted with children. He moved toward her, his smile radiant.

"They're all trying to get a ride on the elephant," he said. "These are my children."

The boy on Korogin's shoulder asked her, "What does your father play?"—and without waiting for an answer squealed, "My father plays the big bass drum—boom, boom, *boom!*" beating his fists on Korogin's gray-blond head.

It was the orchestra children, of course.

Korogin said, "I'd forgotten this spree when I asked you to lunch. I couldn't put the children off, because they'd have beat their little brains out against their cribs. And I couldn't put you off, because I don't feel like beating out my own brains. So I thought—well, every woman loves children. But of course that's one of the untruest things ever said—" He looked at her, hesitating.

"No," Elsa said, with frank tears in her eyes. "I just simply adore—" She reached up and pulled the boy from Korogin's shoulder, and said to him, "Boom, boom, *boom*, yourself! You're going to sit by me."

Korogin's voice was quick and light. "This is your lovely Manushka," he told the children. "Now we'll have lunch."

Korogin brought the children through two hours of food, favors, games, and presents as he would bring their fathers through a debauch of Wagner—with strict *tempi* and no sour notes. Then they were packed into a bus and sent home, and the glorious uproar was over.

"Come up and have some coffee, and then we'll go to Nichevo," Korogin said. "You'll see it's the only thing I could possibly call my farm. Nichevo means 'Never mind,' or 'Who cares?' or 'Everything's swell.'"

Korogin did not have rooms and rooms in the hotel. He had a big bare studio overlooking the park, with a concert piano, a tavern table, cases of music. His room revealed a man of prodigious energy and discipline.

AND yet, when they got to the shabby gray farmhouse in the Jersey hills, Korogin became a Russian of the old régime—lazy, self-indulgent, charming. The farm had the delightful incoherence of a Russian estate in the days when "Nichevo" was the answer to everything. Elsa couldn't make out who most of the people were. She got Acquamaria straight, and Anna Michaelovna. The little Italian was a pianist who was to play with the New Philharmonic in November. Anna Michaelovna was a spinster who belonged remotely to the Korogin family. She was left over from the old régime—left over from life in general—and spent her days tending the chickens, with which she had a weird affinity, and knitting giant gray socks for Korogin. It was Korogin's calm acceptance of his distant cousin as somebody he would care for until she died that revealed how feudal he was at heart.

Or was he simply incredibly kind? Acquamaria was a brilliant pianist temporarily down on his luck, and Korogin had invited him to stay at Nichevo until his concert tour, and practice on one of the Bechsteins out in the barn that had been made into a carefully heated studio. There was a Swedish couple that probably had nowhere to go but Nichevo. There was an oboe player from the orchestra, recovering from neuritis. Elsa understood now why Korogin had a plain studio, and a cheap car for the farm. Even with his princely salary, he had to live simply because there were so many people to take care of.

Herself too! Korogin had seen her come into Mrs. Kane's, lonely and disheartened, and had promptly begun taking care of her.

Elsa had lived in Detroit with two parents and two servants, and everything had been just so. Always she had wanted life to be bigger, more indefinite, like Korogin's farm.

All Sunday afternoon there was music out in the studio. Acquamaria played the Brahms concerto he was to give with the New Philharmonic, and Korogin supplied the orchestral parts on the other piano. Elsa had a passionate uninstructed love for music, and she felt that Korogin was a greater virtuoso than Acquamaria himself. His piano roared and purred around Acquamaria's like a great soft sea around glistening stones.

"Now I shall play Beethoven for Elsa," Korogin said, when he had worn Acquamaria out. "What shall it be? The Moonlight Sonata for delicate ears?"

Elsa came over and smiled down at him. "If you don't mind," she said, "I'd like, once in my life, to hear Beethoven's Hundred and Ten as it ought to be played."

At home she had tried over and over to play the sonata that begins so simply and then gets unattainable.

Korogin's face showed his incredulous delight. "So!" he cried. "You don't want pretty music. You want to stand on the edge of the abyss and look down into a ter-

rible beauty. You are brave, Elsa."

"When a thing's really beautiful," she said, "you've got to be brave."

Korogin was silent. He bent his head over the keys, and presently he began playing, not the Beethoven, but something modern that carried the same tenderness, depth under depth, of the slow movement of the Hundred and Ten.

"What is it?" she cried when he stopped, much too soon.

Korogin's head was bent over the keys. "Some day," he said, as if he were groping through a dazzling light, "I'll play it all for you."

"IT'S lasted a month today," Elsa thought as she woke up.

Any day, today perhaps, he would gracefully forget her and find somebody more worth his pains. But every morning there had been flowers or fruit or one of his absurd telegrams.

She was glad it was a telegram this morning, for it was only in his wires that Korogin played the rôle of lover.

DARLING I AM SO HAPPY TODAY THAT I DANCED THE TREPAK IN MY PYJAMAS STOP I KNOW YOU DON'T BELIEVE I CAN DANCE THE TREPAK BUT COME OVER EARLY SOME MORNING STOP I ADORE YOU NO STOP NICKY.

Elsa rushed into her clothes. She was going to take Korogin's invitation literally.

"If I don't go over now I shan't see him all day," she explained to herself. "We're both so busy with rehearsals."

Elsa was in a play. She had seven lines in Cat's Away, which was to open in two days. It appeared that nothing was simpler than getting on the stage. She had merely gone to one of Korogin's parties and met the very producer who was looking for her type.

Korogin was not dancing the trepak when Elsa came in. He was working with his assistant conductor and a copyist, correcting orchestral parts in manuscript.

"I just popped in to say good morning," Elsa said hastily. "I'm going right away, Nicky."

"What have you got there?" Korogin demanded. "Brioches? I've had three breakfasts since midnight, but no brioches." He telephoned for pots of coffee. "All night," he said, "I've been editing that fool Korogin."

"Nicky, I wish you wouldn't be so secretive about your first concert," Elsa complained. "After all, it's coming tomorrow—"

"And you want to open your presents the day before Christmas!" Korogin scolded her. "Anything to keep you quiet." He took a little envelope from his pocket and gave it to her. "Your box," he said grandly. "You're to sit in your box in Carnegie Hall with red flowers on your shoulder, and hear the Figaro overture, and some Berlioz, and Korogin's piano concerto Number Five."

"Nikolenka! You mean your new concerto that you won't play for me? You mean all that over there?" She pointed to the manuscripts on the table. "You're going to play it yourself?"

"Bruno Walter and Nikolai Korogin are able to conduct from the piano," he said. "It's all done with mirrors."

"I feel just—incandescent," Elsa said. "How can I possibly live till tomorrow?"

"But what about the night after?" Korogin asked, his coffee cup poised. "Isn't that the great night?"

"What are we doing day after tomorrow?" Elsa said blankly. "Oh, my play opens! How can you expect me to remember my silly little play when—"

She mustn't talk like this. She mustn't admit to Korogin that Cat's Away was a dull comedy, and that she wasn't half as much interested in being an actress as in listening to one concert of his. He mustn't know that her whole life was bound up in him, because then he would feel remorseful at forgetting her—as he would any day now.

"You see," she said, "a lot of my friends are coming from Detroit for my opening. And I couldn't think of anything but how much they'd love your concert. Do you mind if they sit in my box?"

"Just so you keep your eyes on the keyboard," he said with healthy egotism. "And after the concert we'll all have supper, of course." He went to the windows and looked out at the park. "I suppose your handsome young man is coming too?" he asked without turning around.

"Paul? Of course not. I couldn't bear it if he came."

"Then it still matters to you," Korogin said, his eyes on the russet trees in the park, "whether Paul comes or goes?"

"Not one speck," she declared, her voice trembling.

BUT when she went to lunch with her Detroit friends, and found that Paul actually had come, she was dizzy with triumph.

"The firm sent me here on a case," Paul told her. But it was as if he had said, "I couldn't stay away from you another minute."

He was just under six feet, and built marvelously into his clothes, and his hair grew neatly where it should.

"I can get him back," Elsa thought in a fever. "He thinks I'm somebody now."

"Tomorrow," she told her friends, "is Nicky's first concert of the season, and I have a box for all of us, and Nicky's taking us to supper afterward."

"Nicky," Paul repeated. "You mean this bird Korogin?"

And Het Taylor, Paul's sister, said, "You've written acres of letters about him. Are congratulations in order, Elsa?"

"No," Elsa said, amazed at the bitterness that had come up from nowhere and engulfed her. "Nothing like that. He's just everybody's friend. He moves in a mob of

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people. I've never been alone with him even for five minutes."

When she got to Korogin's studio at six, she wanted dreadfully to be alone with him.

But Anna Michaelovna and Acquamaria had come to town for the concert, and Mrs. Kane was there, and various other people.

Korogin made room for her on the divan beside him. She had never seen him look tired before.

She had to tell him. "Nicky, something fantastic has happened. They've pushed my play opening ahead. It's tomorrow. You see, another play's decided to open on our original date—a more important play—and we daren't conflict, because all the papers would send us their second-string men."

"Elsa!" Korogin put his big rough head down in his hands. "But you've got to come to my concert!"

"I've figured it all out," she cried. "I'm just in the first act, and I can sneak out at nine thirty and hear your concerto, anyway. It's last on the program, isn't it? You see," she rushed on—because Korogin still looked as if she had pounded him—"I'd throw up the whole darn' play, but my friends came all the way from Detroit just for the opening, and I—"

"So Paul came running back to you," Korogin said, as if he knew.

She nodded. They were alone in the corner of the room. But Elsa was afraid now of being alone with Korogin, because he was looking at her with an expression that terrified her.

"He's come back," Korogin said huskily. "And tomorrow you will dazzle him from behind the footlights, and everything will be as you want it."

"You don't know how I feel about Paul," she said vehemently, because she herself could not fathom this triumph, this delicious unrest, of having Paul at her feet again. "You can't possibly understand how I feel."

"I know nothing," Korogin said, his voice fighting against a heavy mist—"nothing but what goes into my music, and that I dare not understand. Much better that you shouldn't hear my concerto. Much better for that box to be empty tomorrow. I can play then with a free heart."

He stood up and threw out his great arms and shouted, "Can't you see I'm tired? Go away, all of you—"

THE curtain in Cat's Away was scheduled to go up at eight thirty. It rose at eight fifty, and then the play dragged.

Without the slightest emotion Elsa looked for the first time at a New York audience sitting out there in the dark, watching her.

Her month with Korogin was over. All day there had been no word from him. Now she would have to live some sort of life without Korogin. Now she knew it would be no life at all.

Her six friends were sitting in a row in the orchestra, and her tiny dressing room was filled with their flowers. That afternoon Paul had begged her to love him again. She had stared at him without expression or feeling and said, "Please don't, Paul. I can't think of anything now but my seven little lines." That had only made Paul more ardent than she had ever seen him. She knew how to deal with Paul now.

But all she could think of was Korogin standing like a giant at the conductor's desk, leading the Figaro overture. When her first cue came, she wasn't in the theater at all. She was in Carnegie Hall, listening to the orchestra. She said, completely ignoring her line, "The violins are just coming to the boil," which was so startling that it brought the first laugh of the evening. But she upset the company, and even the star fumbled. Elsa pulled herself up sharply and delivered her next three lines according to script, and the play sagged back.

Nine twenty. In twenty-five minutes Korogin would sit down at the piano and play with a free heart because she wasn't there. He was finished with her. He didn't want her to hear his concerto, because she wasn't good enough.

The play was like a slow-motion nightmare.

When her sixth cue came it was nine thirty, and she knew in a perfectly cold clear way what she was going to do.

"I really can't wait any longer," she said, jumping once and for all out of her part. "I'm going now, and I hope I get a taxi driver with a criminal record."

She walked off the stage and, without going for her coat, ran past the man at the door, down the alley, and out to the front.

A very fat man in evening clothes bounced out of the lobby. "Wait!" he called. "Hold on!"

"I won't wait," she said deliriously. "I don't care what happens to the play."

"Who does care?" the fat man chortled. "That's what I'm going to say in my review tomorrow. I'll say there was one woman, God bless her, who had the right slant on Cat's Away. She walked out on it."

"OH, please," Elsa said, "find me a taxi for Carnegie Hall."

"With a criminal driver," he laughed, and climbed in after her. "This will be all over New York by tomorrow, and next week your name will be up somewhere in lights."

"Next week I'll be home in Detroit," she said. "But in five minutes I'm going to hear Korogin's concerto."

"Poor old Nicky," the amiable reviewer mused. "Has he got anybody to love him yet?"

"Yes." Elsa clenched her smooth hands. "And that's all the good it does. Everybody loves Korogin," she added quickly.

"Not specifically enough," he said. "But that's Nicky's own fault. He has a theory about being an outsize that no woman wants. I understand that perfectly, because I'm fat and therefore the most charming bachelor in town. Nicky and I," said the reviewer, "do not propose. To my certain knowledge, he's never declared his preference for any woman." . . .

Elsa rushed up the red stairs and beckoned the usher to unlock her box. When she got inside, the orchestra was back from the intermission and the concert master was just sitting down. That meant that Korogin was coming.

Elsa shrank back in the anteroom of the box. It would upset Korogin to see her. She would just listen, and go away.

The hall broke into waves of applause. Elsa didn't come forward until the lights were down and Korogin was at the piano.

Brilliant opening bars on the piano—red and yellow, like the gladioli Korogin had sent her the first day. Elsa went cold. How could she have forgotten that he had begun this concerto that morning? The orchestra swept in, led by the violins, and the first movement ended broadly, like September sunshine.

Then the wood-winds began the scherzo, and presently piano and orchestra were together in a capricious passage, and Elsa, who knew that Korogin scorned program music, could see nothing under this scherzo but the children's party.

There was a moment's silence, and Korogin bent his head over the keys. Elsa knew what he was going to play, and the tears ran down her face, because this slow movement had been composed that first afternoon at the farm, when she was sitting there beside him. She knew now what Korogin had tried to tell her.

"He said he dared not understand what was in his own music," Elsa wept, alone in her box. "Doesn't the man *know?* He wrote that for me. If he'd only stand up and shout at me, 'Elsa, the music is for you!' I wouldn't care if all Carnegie Hall knew that he wrote that because he loved me. Because he's too big. He's a genius, and I'm nothing. I'll never dare tell him now."

The usher stole in with a program in her hand. "You were in such a rush," she whispered. "I don't know if this is the least good to you now—"

The last words on the program were:

Concerto No. 5, in A flat minor . . . . . KOROGIN
Mr. Korogin at the piano. First performance.
Dedicated to Miss Elsa Venning.

THE END

Laughing Lillian

The Story of a Flirt

She couldn't rouse Peter to fury. She couldn't make him fling away from her.

By

THOMAS BURKE

—from whose Limehouse Nights, you remember, that loveliest of silent movies, Broken Blossoms, was made

(Reading time: 7 min. 35 sec.)

LAUGHING LILLIAN lived in East India Dock Road, and for many people she was its spiritual mayoress. When those who worked about that road thought of it in their homes, they thought instantly of Laughing Lillian. She was a copper blonde, with blue eyes which half closed when she laughed. Most of the day they were half closed. She was small, and she walked that road every morning as though every morning were Carnival and she were the chief vestal. Her face and bearing seemed to say "Hullo!" to everything and everybody.

Sheer impudence that walk would have been—an affront to all the melancholy and the worried—if it hadn't been turned to poetry by her merry, kindly face. It was an expression of herself, for she was as impudent as a child, and as charming. And as exasperating.

Many a boy of the dock-side district she had exasperated to fury, and then had won back to lamblike worship, and then had again exasperated him to the point of ending their friendship. So that many a gray head was shaken over her. "Ah, if that hussy goes on like that she'll come to a bad end. She'll meet her match some day." And for once an old head's prophecy about a young head came true.

She had a chain of admirers, but though the links of the chain were constantly being broken and replaced, its pendant remained unchanged. Its pendant was Peter; Peter, the quiet dark-eyed electrician. Often she exasperated him as much as the others, but he stood it better. She couldn't rouse Peter to fury. She couldn't play him

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

until the line of their friendship broke. She couldn't make him fling away from her and then give her the pleasure of taking him back. She tried many times, but he kept his exasperation behind his firm mouth and smiling eyes; and at last she found the game hardly worth while. Before his eyes she played with boy after boy, but though she broke their hearts she couldn't shake his. He did no more than look on and give her an occasional growl.

But one day, when she was not trying, she succeeded. Tiring of the worship of boys, she sent her smiles upon a new arrival, who was not a boy. She sent them upon George, who was between thirty and forty and was the owner of a newly opened garage.

And George returned them, and she went for country rides with George, and she went to West End restaurants with George, and was seen about with George very late.

It was then that the tranquil Peter began to simmer, and after a short simmer he came to the boil. Lillian was delighted. She listened to his protests at her doings, and to his repeated questions whether she really cared or not; and then kissed him. "Never mind, Peter. Cheer up. I can't help it. It's all because there's such lots of nice boys in the world, and I want to know as many as I can. Then, when I've known hundreds and hundreds, I expect I'll know that there's only one Peter. I love them all, but I love you most."

"Yes, but—this chap—this chap's not a boy. He's much older than you. And you know nothing about him. And he's a—"

"Don't get wild, Peter."

"Who's getting wild? What d'you mean—don't get wild? I'm not wild. I'm only saying he's not like the other fellows. He's much older. You think you can take care of yourself, I know. So you can—with the boys. But this chap's different. You wouldn't find him as easy to manage as the boys. He's a—"

LILLIAN listened, fiddling with her necklace and looking at him with half-closed eyes. "Oo-er. You do sound fierce. If I was to fall right in love with him, would you kill him?"

"Don't be silly."

"You wouldn't? Some boys would. George would. He'd kill anybody if he thought he could get me by doing it."

"George is a fool, then."

"But it proves that he's in earnest. And a man. It's natural for a man to take what he wants and kill anything that stops him."

"Maybe. But I'm not that kind of man."

"Wouldn't you kill anybody for me?"

"No."

"You would if you loved me." Lillian had a keen sense of fun, but, like most people with a sense of fun, she had no sense of humor. Had she had a sense of humor she would not have talked in this strain to a quiet man whose whole being was in love with her, and she would have escaped disaster.

"I do love you."

"Yes, in a half-and-half way. George told me in the garage one night that he'd kill *any* man who came between him and a girl."

"Let him. I'm not George—thank goodness."

"No. I don't know what you are." She turned, blew him a kiss, and went sailing down the road in blonde effervescence. Half a minute later she had forgotten their talk. She had been talking for the sake of talking; indulging her fun. She was too young to know that it is dangerous to be funny with quiet dark-eyed people. Had she looked back she would have seen Peter standing at the corner looking at nothing and idly lighting a cigarette; and she would have thought that he, too, had forgotten their talk. But he hadn't.

George. He knew the man by sight. Often saw him standing on the balcony of his bedroom on the third floor of the block of flats near the river. Stood there almost every night, having a smoke before turning in. Big chap. Not too pleasant. Kill any man, would he? Told her so one night in the garage. Mmmm. Leaning over the balcony every night admiring the view, and perhaps thinking of— In the garage one night—

Some days later, in the middle of the morning, when George was at his garage, an electrician called at his rooms in the block near the river. The electrician told the caretaker that he had been sent to make some adjustment in the wiring, and the caretaker admitted him with the master keys. He went in and looked at the wiring, and laid out some of the appliances from his tool bag. The caretaker, who had known him from boyhood, left him at the job.

Lillian went on laughing. Sometimes she laughed with Peter, and sometimes with George; at other times with Harry and Jack and Walter. She tried again to rouse Peter as she had roused him the other day over George, but found that she couldn't. That apparently had been a spasm, and he seemed now to be unmoved by anything she did—even with George. She told him of a recent outing with George, and he heard it with no more than a grunt. He uttered no solemn warnings about older men, and seemed to have forgotten that he ever had. His attitude almost suggested that he was pretty certain she would come to no harm through George. It was as though he had spoken to George about it.

But each night he watched George's flat. Four nights had passed since his visit, and each night he kept a watch on the block from a point two streets away. He watched in vain; George made no appearance. Possibly the nights were too chilly for taking the air and admiring the view. The fifth night, however, was warmer, and at about seven o'clock Peter, who had watched him home from his garage, took up his stand with some hope. He leaned over the wall of a little bridge spanning a narrow cut, and smoked his pipe, and appeared to have nothing to do. But from that point he could get a sideways view of part of a block of flats and of a particular balcony, and he kept the corner of his eye on it.

FOR an hour he stood there, chatting occasionally with some other loiterer who paused to stare at the water, or looking at the evening paper, or strolling out to the little quay. Then, soon after eight o'clock, he was rewarded. His eye caught a movement at the window. He saw the window being raised, and a pulse in his temple gave an angry beat. Two seconds later the window was fully raised, and somebody stepped out. At the sight of that somebody all the blood in his body went angry. It wasn't George who stepped out. It was Laughing Lillian; Lillian without a hat, looking back into the dim room and laughing.

But in the very moment of this flood of anger, caused by the thought of her visiting George alone in his room, came a recollection of something which the thought had, for a fraction of the moment, banished. He recalled why he was waiting on that bridge; and the anger froze and his skin went cold. He started to run toward her, but his legs were sick. His throat exerted itself to scream at her, but the scream came out only as a husky moan. He saw her step forward and rest her arms on the balustrade and lean forward. After that, he did not look again. He turned round and went in a stumbling run away from the sight of that block.

From within the room George called to her to come in. It was getting chilly. But he got no answer. Laughing Lillian wasn't there.

She was lying on the pavement far below, broken and dead. The iron balustrade of the balcony was lying near her. Its supports had been burnt through by a blowlamp.

THE END

Answer to Puzzle on Page 26

The fly flew exactly 15 miles. How come? Well, the cyclists rode toward each other over a 20-mile stretch at a constant speed of 10 miles per hour, until their front wheels touched. Clearly, then, they rode for exactly an hour. The fly started to fly back and forth when they started, and flew till they met, at a constant speed of 15 miles per hour—that is, he flew for one hour at 15 miles per hour—so he flew 15 miles. That's all.

FIFTH WEEK'S CASH PRIZE WINNERS!

$5,000 HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN A HOME LIFE PRIZE!

IF you have neglected to enter previous week's snapshot contests, act now. This is the last of the series! You still have time to win a weekly cash prize and also one of the five $200 Grand Prizes. Get your entry in on or before Monday, February 5. The rules give all necessary information. Read them carefully and then load up your camera and shoot for the money. If you win this final week's first prize and also capture one of the Grand Prizes you will be $300 richer. What a price for a snapshot that is! Will you win it?

$5 PRIZE WINNER
By Mrs. Leon Bartos

●

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PRINTING

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$100 FIRST PRIZE
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L. W. Graves, Buffalo, N. Y.; Warren J. H. Grunst, Rochester, N. Y.; Robert Howard, Boulder City, Nev.; Edwin D. Le Roy, New Brunswick, N. J.; Billie McMullan, San Angelo, Tex.; Robert S. Miner, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. August Oberlander, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. L. Roberts, London, Ont.; C. Barclay Stockton, New York, N. Y.; F. J. Trumpeur, Forest Glen, Md.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

E. Roy Arnold, Yellowstone Park, Wyo.; L. D. Baker, Wabash, Ind.; C. M. Barr, Kirkland, Wash.; Mrs. Leon Bartos, Trenton, N. J.; S. Beliaeff, Bloomfield, N. J.; H. G. Beumer, St. Louis, Mo.; Henry Bolton, Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. R. N. Cornfield, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Augustus Dalrymple, Dover, N. J.; Colin Dobell, Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. N. A. Doolittle, Tulsa, Okla.; Ernest Edgell, Cobourg, Ont.; W. A. Gillespie, Jackson, Miss.; Mrs. B. Haley, San Antonio, Tex.; J. A. Haloway, Corozal, Canal Zone; Howard A. Hartman, Milwaukee, Wis.

Esther F. Hayden, Framingham, Mass.; Frances M. Hodge, Portland, Ore.; Jacob C. Kistinger, Maspeth, N. Y.; Mrs. W. C. Knittel, Tyner, Tenn.; Carl E. Kearns, Cleveland, Ohio; George LaMay, Whitehall, N. Y.; R. L. Lewis, Richmond, Va.; Raymond L. Lyons, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. W. McMannigel, Horton, Kan.; R. A. Meeks, Mannville, Alta.; Thomas P. Merron, New Britain, Conn.; Darden Moose, Little Rock, Ark.; A. R. Ogilvie, Wollaston, Mass.; Mrs. Fred A. Polhill, Pueblo, Colo.; Mrs. V. B. Reisman, Oscaloosa, Ia.; Mrs. Homer A. Russell, Madisonville, Ohio.

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$10 PRIZE WINNER
By Mrs. L. Roberts

●

SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 apply to this Grand Prize offer.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
STOCKTON
MULFORD

A Vivid Novel
of Dangerous Days
and a Girl's Devotion

Transient

*(Reading time:
22 minutes 28 seconds.)*

NICK KILEY, Dale Cameron, and Chris Blake open a roller-skating rink in Karnak, a Southern city. Carey Marshal, a young lawyer from a distinguished family, is much taken by Dale Cameron, the professional skater.

Fred Baxter, wastrel brother of Hamp Baxter, local political boss, makes himself offensive to Dale. One evening at the rink he misbehaves so flagrantly that Kiley and Blake put the whole Baxter crowd off the floor.

Later the Baxter gang returns to "get" Kiley, who fires into the mob, killing Fred Baxter. Kiley flees, and Chris Blake is arrested and charged with the murder.

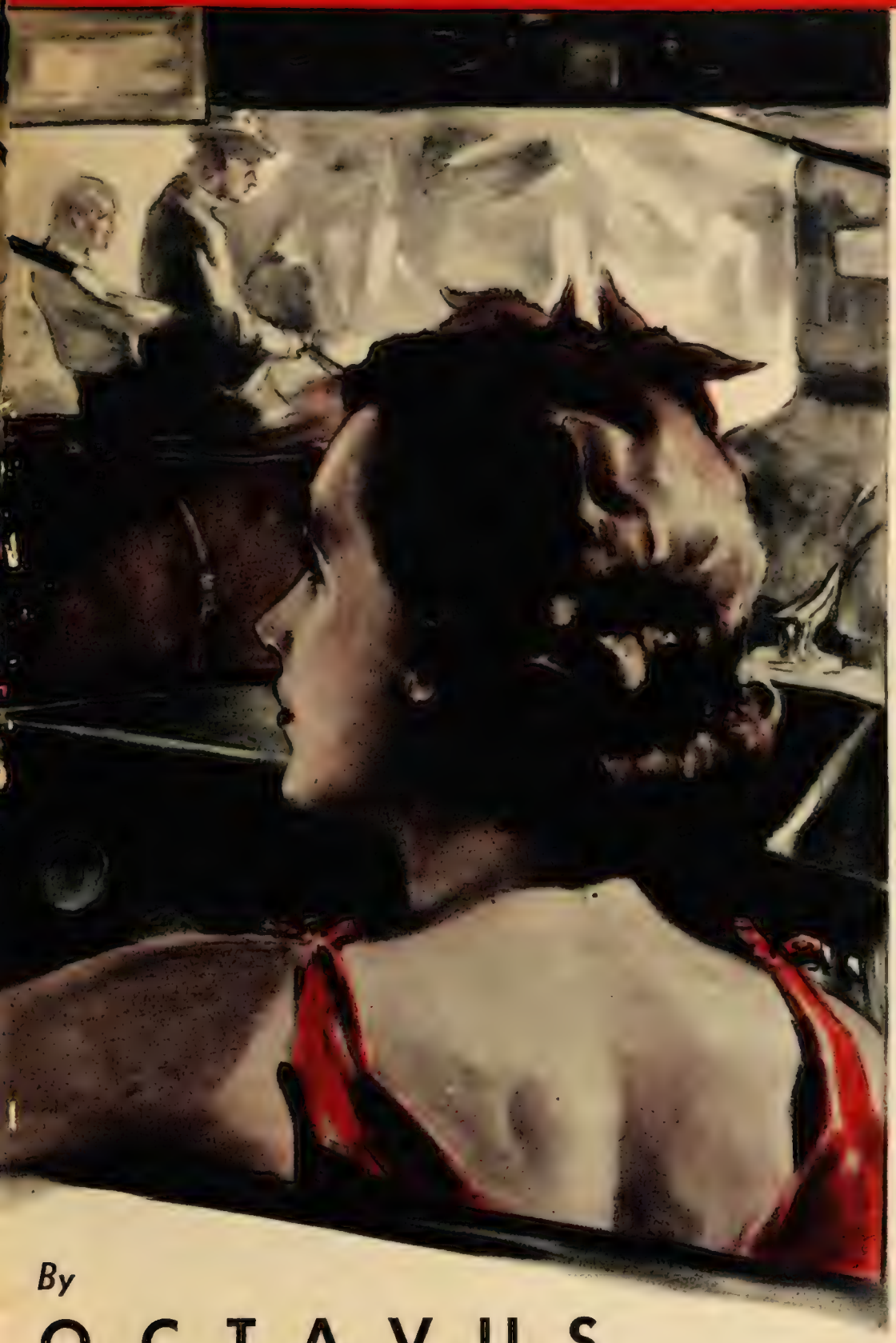
Dale Cameron goes to Carey Marshal and begs him to defend Chris and he agrees to do so. Hamp Baxter, raging, visits Carey's father to warn him to make Carey withdraw from the case. Major Marshal refuses, and Hamp threatens revenge.

The next day Dale realizes that something portentous has happened, but knows nothing definite. She visits Carey Marshal and he tells her that the old feud between the Baxters and the Crawfords has broken out again because of a fight between Hamp and Lee Crawford over the murder case. There will probably be bloodshed. The girl breaks down, and in an emotional moment Carey takes her in his arms.

All Karnak awaits an active outbreak of the feud at a picnic to be held two days later by the Crawford clan. Major Marshal is expected to be present at the picnic and make a speech in support of his candidacy for a place on the circuit bench.

Part Five—The Picnic

CAREY MARSHAL was in a gay humor, though Dale suspected that the mood had been assumed for her benefit. It was the first time they had been alone together since the brief startling moment in Carey's office. They remembered it now—and each struggled to conceal that fact. But, sitting beside the young man whose long figure slouched gracefully behind the wheel, Dale felt his arms once more about her, her soft body yielding



Occasionally they were retarded by traffic, which ranged from shiny new motor cars to trucks, saddle horses, buggies, and farm wagons drawn by mules.

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Lady

against his, her lips (though she blushed furiously at the thought) eager to give whatever he might have asked.

The big car purred softly along the concrete ribbon of road, the breeze caressed her flushed cheeks, the kindly shadows of afternoon afforded pleasant relief from the hot sun, and, despite a feeling of guilt, Dale relaxed.

"I knew you'd like it," bantered the young man.

SHE smiled shyly. "Naturally. But I had no right to leave."

"No? Didn't Miss Mathilda shoo you out?"

"That was because you asked her to."

Carey grinned boyishly.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try."

"Well, this is it—and lend me thine ear most attentively." He glanced about the countryside as though fearful of being overheard. "It was Miss Mathilda's suggestion."

"Cross your heart?"

"On my word." He touched her hand lightly, then instantly withdrew his fingers. "She's not a bit pleased with you, Dale."

The girl's eyes opened wider. "Why?"

"She told me—confidentially, of course—that you are seriously considering being naughty. She hinted that you were about to resign your job at the tea room."

"She was right." Dale was speaking seriously. "And why shouldn't I, Mr. Marshal?"

"Why so formal?" he interrupted, seeking to keep her from becoming too serious. "Don't you think it would be quite the thing to call your attorney by his first name?"

She smiled shyly and endeavored to enter into his mood.

"Is that the customary legal procedure?"

He took his right hand from the wheel and waved it disdainfully. He said, "Certainly not. But then you're not an ordinary client."

"What am I, then?"

"A most charming—I might even say, delectable—young lady."

This time she responded to his banter without effort. Her head tilted backward and a gay little laugh flew from her lips. "You're being quite silly, Carey. But it's sweet of you."

"To be silly?"

"To try to snap me out of the blackness. I appreciate it."

"Now *you're* the silly one," he accused. He regarded her gravely for a moment before continuing. "That point is settled," he said abruptly. "Now go ahead and explain the rest."

She did not reply instantly. For the first time in weeks she felt free from strain. To the left stretched acres and acres of cotton field, lavishly green; to the right great pine trees stood sentinel over the road. The air was scented with pine and was blessedly free from the taint of the town itself. It was fresh and sweet, and it cleared her head; made thinking easier and problems less bewildering.

She had not asked where he was taking her—and until this moment had not suspected why. She had been forced from the tea room and into his car against her will. Miss Mathilda had informed her sternly that she wasn't to return until Carey got good and ready to bring her back. And, though she had ridden through the town sitting

"And just how does the brain in that pretty head of yours"—she hoped he didn't see that she flushed at the compliment—"arrive at the conclusion that you are being selfish?"

"You know as well as I do, Carey, that the Branhams are being bitterly criticized for employing me."

"It hasn't hurt their business."

"PERHAPS not. But it will. I've overheard ladies talking in the tea room. Some of them didn't realize that I could hear, and others—I'm sure—were deliberately talking so that I *could* hear. It seems that some of the ladies of Karnak have decided to protest to Miss Mathilda against keeping me there."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well, there's a Mrs. Quincy Morrow—"

Carey uttered a single profane word, apologized instantly and profusely, went on to explain that he meant it, and then:

"Listen, infant. Lisbeth Morrow is a cat."

She smiled wanly. "Even I had begun to suspect as much."

"Smart lady—you are. Now get this: Lisbeth has clawed the best reputations to shreds. She has caused all kinds of trouble to several young ladies much less sweet than yourself. So—forget her!" he urged her.

stiffly beside him—acutely conscious of the comment they were exciting—the open country had brought her a welcome opportunity to relax, to think, and, best of all, to talk with this man who had come to mean so much to her.

"Go ahead." His voice broke in on her reverie. "Tell me about it."

SHE tried to smile, but it was an effort. "The Branhams have been wonderful to me, Carey. When all this trouble started, I didn't have anything. If it hadn't been for the job they offered, I couldn't have stayed in Karnak. I would have had to find work somewhere else—and to have left Chris alone."

"Check! But why worry about the might-have-beens? They *did* give you the job, you *did* remain, and that's all there is to it."

"No-o. Not quite all. I was selfish about it—and I can't continue being selfish."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," she answered gravely.

"Well, you should. And if she dares to say a word to Miss Mathilda"—he whistled—"things will happen."

"Exactly," answered Dale gravely. "Can't you understand that's what I'm trying to avoid? Miss Mathilda will defend me. She'll make an open enemy of this Mrs. Morrow and a group of tea-room patrons will start a boycott. It will hurt business, and— Oh, can't you see, Carey? I have brought trouble to every one—to Nick Kiley and Chris, to you and your father—and I *can't* just go on and on."

Again he touched her hand; gave her fingers a quick firm pressure. "Good girl! I'm for you. I reckon that's why I like you so much." She withdrew her fingers from his grasp. They were tingling and her whole body was vibrant. "I do, really," he went on. "You play fair. But you mustn't follow through on this, honey."

"Why not."

"Because it wouldn't be fair to Miss Mathilda. If you did walk out on her, do you know what she'd do?"

"What?"

"She'd probably go straight to Lisbeth Morrow and do some plain and fancy talking. She'd tell Lisbeth all the things which have been boiling inside of her for weeks."

"And if I stay?"

"Then Miss Mathilda will have her laugh to herself. Miss Eva, too, for that matter. They won't argue with anybody. They'll simply watch Lisbeth and her friends suffer." His voice became a shade more serious. "You must stick it out, Dale. Really, you must. Quitting your job—taking a room somewhere else in Karnak—well, it would not only disappoint the Branhams but also, if you want the whole truth, it wouldn't help Chris Blake, one little bit."

She fell silent then, and after a while she nodded.

"You make me believe you, Carey. But sometimes I get pretty miserable."

Carey slumped down in the seat and his eyes narrowed over the wheel. He was conscious of an annoying catch in his throat. This girl was so sweet and so tiny; a strange combination of naïveté and sophistication. She had no place in this web of sordid intrigue, of violence

He rode as though he were part of the horse, and pounded past them toward the center of the clearing.

and strife. He wondered what she would do if he attempted to put his arms around her pliant body. Then his teeth clicked together and he controlled himself. After all, he recalled that other men in Karnak had attempted to caress this girl, and above everything, he wanted her to know—and to believe—that he was different. So he made a valiant effort to be casual.

"Look, honey," he said sternly, "you *must* snap out of it."

"I'm willing, Carey. But how?"

"Oh, lots of ways. For one thing, you might make an effort to become acquainted with the real Dale Cameron. You're quite the least helpless person I know. And as for feeling that you're alone—I suppose I'm justified in considering that a gross personal insult," he said, smiling.

"*No!*" She spoke emphatically, fearfully even. "I didn't mean it that way. Oh, *please* don't misunderstand! You've been so wonderful. If you only knew how I *do* feel about you!"

She had spoken impulsively. And, as suddenly, she stopped. Her cheeks were flaming and she turned away from him.

He looked down at her, unconsciously lightening the pressure of his foot on the accelerator, so that the car slowed. He studied at leisure the tiny, perfect features, the shadows in the deep violet eyes and the lashes which curtained them. He noticed, too, that her simple blue-linen dress was cut low front and back and was held on the shoulders by pert little bows. He observed—not without a delightful flush of guilt—that the square line did not conceal the soft curve of her firm young breasts.

She was hatless, and truant strands of hair flew affectionately about her face. He saw her push them back with swift graceful movements of which she was unconscious—circling her head with one bare rounded arm.

He felt toward her a great protective instinct. He caught the feeling of tragedy—and of helplessness—which was with her always; he admired her uncompromising courage; he delighted to take her—as he had done this afternoon—away from the narrow, petty, frightening strife and stress of Karnak and into another world.

And she, unconsciously edging away from him, was desperately conscious of his nearness. Once again she had betrayed herself. And at this moment she felt closer to him than ever before—perhaps because they were alone in the open country; perhaps because the cool shadows were lengthening and twilight was falling caressingly about them; perhaps only because to her he was a young god, giving freely and generously and magically—creature of a world apart from her world and above it.

HE swung off the concrete road into a dirt road which wound through a forest of oak and pine. They seemed more alone, and she was content to half close her eyes and give herself over to the richly sensuous enjoyment of being with him and near him, and away from everything else in a turbulent world. It was in moments like this that she was privileged to dream. Now she permitted herself to forget that the barriers between them were insurmountable. He had touched her, and he had spoken gently, he had protected her and promised to continue his protection; his thoughts were of her, and physically he was there, beside her, where she could reach out and touch him if she only dared. And then, because she felt that the magic silence might further betray her, she sought safety in speech.

"Have you ever," she asked abruptly, "dropped a pebble in a pool and watched the circles extending way out to the banks?"

"Why, yes," he answered, smiling down at her.

"That's how this whole thing seems, Carey. The pebble was the skating rink. It was so innocent. Just a diversion brought here for the amusement of the people in a quiet little town. And now—look! The pebble has sunk, but the circles are getting bigger and bigger, and they're becoming waves. They're spreading, and threatening people I don't even know." Her voice broke a little. "Isn't there any stopping them?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not. It's too late to go back and decide not to throw the pebble. We have to face conditions as they are, not as they might have been."

"But, Carey, can't you see how it makes me feel? You think I'm brave, but I'm not. I'm frightened!"

"Of course you are," he said gently. "Because the waves seem to be carrying you with them. But you're brave, too, because you haven't run away from danger."

"I've wanted to."

"THEN why haven't you?"

"Because of Chris. He's so helpless."

"You're right fond of Chris, aren't you, Dale?"

"Of course." It was on her lips to explain the relationship, but she thought better of it. "Yes, I'm fond of Chris. He's clean and fine."

She did not notice that Carey's face hardened briefly, nor the effort he made to smile. "He's all of that, and we're going to do our best for him."

"Has he got a chance, Carey?"

"There's always a chance."

Dale said, "I wonder!" And she was not thinking of Chris when she said it, though she hoped Carey would believe that she was.

They drove on in silence then, and she found herself sitting closer to him, so that their bodies touched—ever so lightly. She wasn't sure whether she had moved closer or whether he had, but she was content to maintain the impalpable contact which helped her to forget certain things she did not wish to remember.

Darkness came down upon the woodland: Not abruptly—but gently and magically. The gray twilight, then a last crimson radiance of the setting sun, and finally a deep purple mist, and velvet night.

There was a bewildering moment when her head touched his shoulder. A flame ran through her veins. Had he leaned toward her, or had the car swerved? Or had she made the gesture? Her thoughts were chaotic. They were not thoughts at all, but emotions which thrilled and frightened her. She did not speak because she dared not. Nor did she dare wonder why he, too, was silent.

The headlights of their car pierced the darkness in twin beams and the car purred gently through the black walls of night toward a few faint yellow lights which twinkled a welcome through the pines.

The hour had cast its spell upon her, and she had forgotten that in all the world there might be any others than herself and Carey Marshal. She wanted to forget that there were others; she wanted to enjoy to the utmost these precious intimate moments.

Then, abruptly, he swung into a road leading through a garden and toward a great Colonial house set far back from the main highway. His voice was soft and gentle and caressing.

"Here's where we're going to eat supper, Dale."

She opened her eyes wide and paid breathless tribute to the beauty of the place—chaste and gentle on the silver night.

"Your home?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"Not mine. Pat Warren lives here, and she invited us over."

He stopped the car, leaped to the ground, and came to open the door for her. And Dale alighted too, and started with him toward the house.

But the magic had vanished, and Carey was once more on a different plane.

Dale realized then—and the realization came as a shock—that for the past hour she had forgotten Pat Warren.

AT ten o'clock the following morning Pat Warren, accompanied by her father and mother, drove by Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe for Dale Cameron and Miss Mathilda.

Karnak was in a holiday mood—for this was the day of the great annual picnic at the Grove. On this day caste lines were forgotten, sedate citizens yielded to the play impulse, ladies from all sections of the county gathered in groups to exchange choice morsels of gossip, speeches were made, and—in theory at least—personal enmities were forgotten.

On the previous evening Dale had protested against attending the picnic, but Pat had been insistent. Dale needed the change, she argued, and would be shielded from unpleasant contacts by the impregnable respectability of Mr. and Mrs. Warren. It was Miss Mathilda, however, who persuaded Dale into saying yes.

Dale argued, "I—I don't feel very much like picnicking, Miss Mathilda."

"All the more reason why you should. Do you realize, young lady, that this is a very pleasant town—and that you haven't seen anything but its nasty side? It's about time you realized that things can be nice in Karnak."

Dale was hesitant. "You—you don't think there'll be any trouble?"

"At the picnic? Land sakes, child, there never is! No matter what happened yesterday, or might happen tomorrow, folks forget their worries for this one day. You'll see."

And so Dale and Miss Mathilda emerged from the tea room bearing huge boxes of lunch. Miss Mathilda was grimly festive. She said, "Morning, Lois," to Mrs. Warren; "Howd'ye, George?" to Mr. Warren; and "Don't you do any crazy driving," to Pat. Then she clambered into the back of the car, shooed Dale into the seat beside Pat, and inquired what they were waiting for.

Pat shifted gears, wove through traffic, bumped across the railroad tracks, and then took her right hand from the wheel and placed it over Dale's.

"Glad you're here," she said.

Dale smiled warmly.

"Miss Mathilda made me come."

"Of course she did. She's sensible. And you'll have a perfectly elegant time."

"Doing what?"

"Looking. It's a sight, really. For three hundred and sixty-four days of the year this county takes things

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easy. It's not addicted to fun. But on Picnic Day—that's different."

"Miss Mathilda said it wouldn't be embarrassing. What do you think?"

"I think she's right. Oh, they'll stare a bit—but you're accustomed to that, aren't you?"

Dale grimaced. "Rather!"

"The boys from Pineville will all be down. You see, everybody comes—no matter who they are. The best and the worst; the so-called blue bloods and the swamp angels. It's the unwritten law which nobody breaks."

"And then—"

"You'll be surprised." Pat looked at Dale out of the corners of her eyes. "You'll see Carey in a new rôle. He's the star pitcher of the Singles."

"He is? What are they?"

"Baseball team composed of single men. They play the Marrieds. Then the Fats play the Leans. And they have running races and potato races and three-legged races and horseshoe pitching and dancing to the music of Jazzbo Crawford's Karnakians—the radio influence seems to show in the name."

Dale lowered her voice: "Everybody will be there?"

"Sure."

"The Baxters—and the Crawfords?"

"Why, certainly!" Then Pat Warren laughed gently and patted Dale's hand. "I know what you're thinking, but you're wrong. There'll be no trouble—or, anyway, I don't *think* there will."

"Suppose there is?"

"Stubborn little thing, aren't you? All right, Miss Cameron, if there is—why, we'll leave—with greater haste than dignity."

They drove on in silence for a few minutes, nosing deeper into the pine woods. Occasionally they were retarded by traffic, which ranged from shiny new motor cars to trucks, saddle horses, buggies, and clackety farm wagons drawn by mournful and reluctant mules. They were greeted with shouts and laughter, to all of which the Warrens and Miss Mathilda responded in kind. But Dale was ill at ease. She knew that she was exciting comment and wondered whether her hosts might not have been too optimistic as to the possibilities of her enjoyment.

She spoke suddenly: "I love your folks, Miss Warren."

"Is that nice? Why not 'Pat'?"

"Very well—Pat. But I still love them."

THE other girl laughed. "I owe 'em a lot. They're pretty good eggs, both of 'em."

"And your home—I haven't had a home evening like that in years. Not that I'm ungrateful for what Miss Mathilda and Miss Eva have done, but—"

"I know what you mean, Dale. You mean last night: singing around the piano, kidding along, the others dropping in casually. That it?"

"Yes."

"It's pretty good. Of course it does get boring sometimes—"

"It would never bore me." Dale's violet eyes were clouded, and the long lashes screened them partly from Pat's interested scrutiny. "It *never* would."

Pat gave a gay little laugh. "I hope," she said, "that it never will."

The car slewed suddenly from the road on to a gently rising trail carpeted with pine needles. Then Pat pulled over, clamped on the brakes, cut off the ignition, and waved her left hand.

"And there, Miss Dale Cameron, is the Grove."

The Grove was on a small plateau which rose abruptly above the banks of a sluggish little tributary of the Catbill River called Little Cat Creek. It covered about five acres of ground and Dale found it incredibly beautiful.

The ground was flat and hard and gray, but from it rose innumerable great trees—huge spreading oaks whose gnarled branches were festooned with huge bunches of Spanish moss, graceful cypress and willows, birches and sweet gum, sycamores, yucca palms, and palmettos. The Grove itself was a vaulted cathedral of quiet shade save for two tracts near the center which were used for athletic fields.

To the north of the main field the barbecue pits had been dug and already the tantalizing odor of roasting beef and pork was borne on the pine-scented breeze. There, too, could be found huge iron kettles in which Brunswick stew was being prepared, the stew and the barbecued meat being community contributions.

SCATTERED about under the trees were crude wooden tables and a few rickety benches, though most of the picnickers sat on the grass. There was a well, the ancient windlass of which kept up a continual creaking.

Huge families were there: gaunt men with leathern skins, and women even more gaunt and leathery, and countless children shrieking and romping. From far down the Little Cat could be heard the splashing of small boys who swam in the cool muddy water and dived from the low-hanging branches of great water oaks.

The atmosphere was festive and bright. And now for the first time Dale understood why her friends had not been apprehensive. That there was an undercurrent of fierce hatred seemed impossible. The day itself was soft and warm and gentle, its mood one of delicious languor. There was the faint drone and buzz of insects and the calling of birds. Karnak itself seemed unbelievably distant; Chris Blake, alone in his narrow barred cell, a denizen of another world.

Carey Marshal, *sans* coat and tie, came gayly toward them at the head of a group of young folks from Pineville. Greg St. Julien was there and Hal Lazenby and Nort Warren—Pat's first cousin—and a half dozen others, men and girls, whom Dale did not know, but all of them were pleasant to her, accepting introductions casually and instantly including her in their plans.

Miss Mathilda rushed off to supervise the barbecue and Brunswick stew, her high pleasant voice coming back to them through the trees. Overalled swamp angels drifted up to greet the Pineville group easily and casually, and their greetings were returned in kind. Here were Crawfords and Baxters, as well as representatives of all the county's minor families; but there was no hint of tension.

And then, from up the pine-needle trail, came a thunder of hoofs, and a man dashed by on the back of a great roan. Dale gazed after him admiringly. He was a huge broad man in a black suit, a man whose features were classically handsome and whose overlong black hair—shot through with silver—tossed restlessly on a magnificent head. He rode as though he were part of the horse, and pounded past them toward the center of the clearing.

Dale drew a deep breath of appreciation for the superb picture he presented.

"That," she commented, "is the handsomest man I have ever seen."

Carey looked down at her. He seemed vaguely troubled. "Yes—he's handsome," said Carey. Then: "That is Hamp Baxter."

Some of the biggest thrills in this great story come in next week's installment. The feud reaches a climax in a dramatic outburst of pent-up fury, and a new danger threatens Dale.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—Among Mohammedans, an inferior judge or magistrate.

2—In Afghanistan.

3—Desertion of one's faith, party, or principles.

4—To determine the density or richness of milk.

5—John Greenleaf Whittier.

6—A financial speculation on a Mississippi concession launched by John Law in Paris, ending in a panic in 1720.

7—Ajaccio, Corsica.

8—September 29.

9—A mixed dish; a miscellany.

10—Helsingfors.

11—The Hwang Ho or Yellow River, which changes its course frequently, giving rise to disastrous floods.

12—Aconcagua, Argentina, 23,080 feet.

13—A native of Guiana, used in perfumery, cookery, and for perfuming snuff and flavoring tobacco.

14—The Bouwerie, estate of Governor Peter Stuyvesant.

15—The convocation at which Martin Luther defended himself at Worms, Germany, in 1521.

16—Highlanders and Lowlanders.

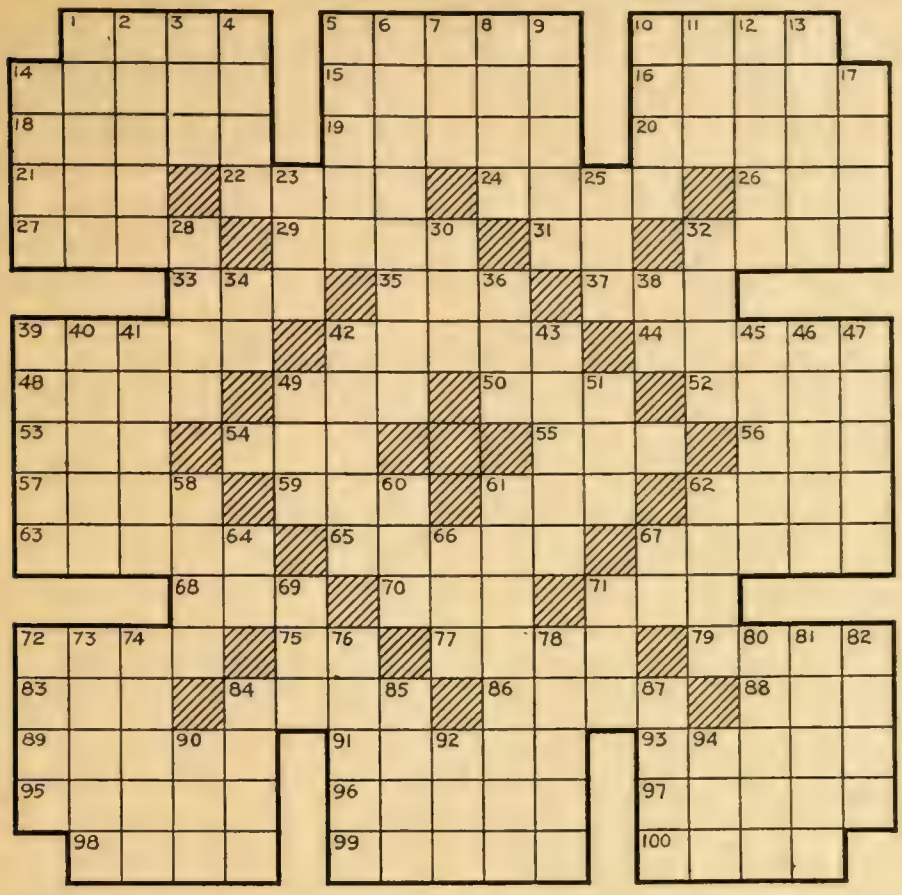
17—From February 7, 1882, to September 7, 1892.

18—Emanuel Leutze.

19—Cathay.

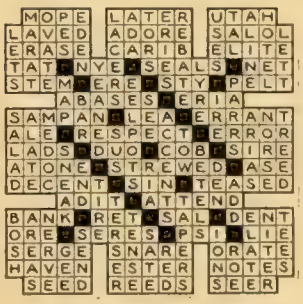
20—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Roumania.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Primates
5 Lean
10 Relieve of strain
14 Minister to
15 Fairies
16 Oriental guitar
18 A size of type
19 Concerning
20 Verify
21 A track
22 Chief
24 Contradict
26 Range of knowledge
27 To try
29 Kind of ginger cake
31 Egyptian deity
32 For fear that
33 Unrefined metal
35 Mesh fabric
37 Merry
39 Talk idly
42 To spot
44 Jogs
48 Learning
49 Possesses
50 Seize suddenly
52 County in New York
53 Hail!
54 A tree
55 Joined
56 Obtain
57 Baseball nine
59 Entangle
61 Comprehend
62 Defy
63 City in Germany
65 Inflames
67 Compact
68 Drowse
70 Form of to be
71 Succeeded
72 A round of applause
75 Either



Answer to last week's puzzle

77 A container
79 High and slender
83 Commotion
84 A single thing
86 A king of Midian
88 Recline
89 Purple seaweed
91 The archfiend
93 The best part
95 Moldings
96 One of the Muses
97 Mentally sounder
98 Woman's name
99 A drain
100 Sheep

VERTICAL

1 Dispute
2 A fuel (pl.)
3 Corrode
4 Stalk
5 European country
6 Flags
7 Form of to be
8 Skin
9 Compound ether
10 Discern
11 Ventilate
12 Stir up, as a fire
13 Edges of a roof
14 Sour
17 Lease
23 An Ibsen character
25 Horse
28 Carry
30 Edible seed
32 Stringed instrument
34 Note of the scale
36 A metal
38 By
39 Flat dish
40 Rambles
41 Districts
42 Wife of Abraham
43 Titles
45 A wind instrument
46 Ranks
47 Long seat (var.)
49 A pronoun
51 An insect
58 Repair
60 A beverage
61 Stearic acid salt
62 Small hollow
64 Not
66 Section of a circle
67 Perform
69 Put on
71 A net
72 Disk of light
73 Proverb
74 Unusual
76 Ascends
78 Spanish gentleman
80 Set in a row
81 Citrous fruit (pl.)
82 Look obliquely
84 A bear (astron.)
85 A weed
87 Part of a church
90 A fish
92 To dress skins
94 Unrefined

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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VOX POP

STILL THE IDOL OF NINETY PER CENT

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Franklin D. Roosevelt is still the idol of ninety per cent of the American people. Any one is a fool who thinks otherwise.

And the average man's resentment of attacks made on the President and his recovery plans by the moneyed crowd is bitter. He will be most antagonistic should the Senate or Congress attempt to thwart the endeavors of Franklin D. Roosevelt this winter.

This is my principal observation after motoring 7,500 miles through twenty-five states last fall.—*Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

ASK ANY OLD LADY

STAMFORD, TEX.—I do not agree with Mr. George Peck, Sr., in his Vox Pop letter in December 16 Liberty, when he says that this country is in a "hell of a fix" and is greatly alarmed about it. He evidently looks back regretfully to the old days. I wonder what he thought if and when he had to trudge all day behind a team of oxen, or when he tried to read by candlelight, or when he had to grind his own corn meal, etc.

There were Indians, lawbreakers, saloons filled with all kinds of liquors in those days. And his country had its share of bad women too.

Were people any happier than we are today? Certainly not. Ask any old lady who had the hard labor of the home. Ask any old man who slaved his life away without showing any progress. I believe that they would say that if they had their lives to live over again they would begin in this modern era.

We have had hardships, but we have learned our lesson. We have stumbled along and now our feet are nearing the clearing. We're glad our half-soled shoes held out.—*Mrs. C. B. Gray.*

NEW HOPE FOR LABOR

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In the issue of Liberty for December 2 there appeared an editorial about labor unions which did not seem to belong in your magazine.

There is no doubt that unions do ask for too much at times. They are composed of human beings. But with ten or twelve million men idle, there is little fear of the members of any union getting more than they should or of dictating terms to their employers.

Most of the large strikes in the big industries since the NIRA went into effect have been to try to compel recognition of unions.

Labor organized because it was forced to do it in order to endeavor to get collectively what it would never obtain individually in a thousand years. Higher wages, shorter hours, better working conditions have been obtained only by collective bargaining, striking, and even the shedding of blood. Labor has dared to strike lately because it feels that, under our present government, there is a new hope of getting a fair deal.—*George Alden.*

BLANKET INSURANCE FOR HAZARDOUS JOBS

MATTOON, ILL.—I venture to suggest that the United States government take out blanket insurance on all the men sent through its agencies to individuals or corporations needing men for short-time hazardous work. For a large amount of work to be done the liability is too great for the employer without insurance, and the premium is prohibitive for workers unemployed to take out this insurance on themselves.

This suggestion followed would take millions of unemployed in the United States out of the common labor class and increase the value of property.—*T. F. McVay.*

NO APPROVAL OF THEIR POLICIES

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. A. W. Meyerson, writing in Vox Pop for December 9, criticizes America for not having interfered with Russia, and ends with, "Shame on you, Americans!" From that I infer that he is not, or does not consider himself, an American. But he is living in this country and earning this country's money with which to live. Shame on you, Mr. Meyerson!

Yes, America simply turned away and said that it was none of her business. And it *was* none of her business. What were we supposed to do—declare war and go over there and whip them? Did we not refuse recognition to the new government? What more were we to do?

Recognition of Russia means only that we recognize it as a country, that we believe that the Soviet government is to be permanent. It expresses no approval of its policies.—*Charles A. Shaw.*

ROOSEVELT AND HOOVER AGAIN

GREENVILLE, PA.—Mr. Guy B. Fisher in speaking of Mr. Roosevelt, in Vox Pop for December 9, says: "I would swap him back for Hoover, and give plenty boot in the bargain."

We concede it is one's own prerogative to be a jackass if one chooses—but why advertise it in Liberty?—*James R. Homer.*

AND THEODORE!

ELGIN, ILL.—It is pleasing to observe your consistent policy of supporting the President. He is a product of the constructive forces which have made us a nation. Therefore, he opposes the influences that work insidiously to weaken the structure.

It was Theodore Roosevelt who warned that this country could not continue to be a good place for any to live unless it remained good for all. He was opposed by the same elements that now oppose a President trying to make it again a good place for everybody.—*Milton Gantz.*

THE RIGHT WAY TO STOP LYNCHINGS

BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Liberty has an obvious duty to perform by calling attention to the deplorable condition of our legal machinery, particularly in the criminal division. I have not observed, in comment on the recent epidemic of lynchings in widely separated parts of the country, that any stress has been laid on the real cause for such barbaric outbreaks.

Is this cause anything other than a complete lack of confidence in the operations of our criminal courts, their notorious dilatoriness, and the grave doubt of securing substantial justice even after unconscionable delays?

In the civil division we find the dockets crowded to suffocation with suits of little or no merit, frequently damage suits for fantastic sums of money for trumped-up claims which are little if any better than legalized attempts at blackmail.

The time and expense involved in these trials, added to the resultant slowing up of the handling of serious and important suits, constitute a staggering burden on the country. Of course, part of these troubles are inherent in our system of jurisprudence; but I believe that by far the greater part are caused by the abuse of this system by venal lawyers with no scruples and no sense of public service or obligation.

Cannot the decent members of the bar—of whom there are many, and than whom there are no finer and more public-spirited citizens—do something to correct these intolerable conditions?—*Gerald S. Coburn.*

YOU ARE RIGHT—THREE WON, ONE TIED, AND ONE LOST IS THE RECORD

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I am tired of your attitude toward the South! In Vox Pop for December 16 you put at the top of M. T. Ducros's letter about Tulane University, How'd They Make Out in 1931?

Why didn't you say it was the *only* time the South *ever* lost a Rose Bowl Game?—*Nancy Thomson.*

WHY NOT?

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Liberty's idea for picking an All-America football team by a players' vote is interesting, but I have a suggestion to make. Why not add an All-America coach by a similar vote?—*George G. Goetz.*

WE'LL TAKE THIS UP WITH THE EDITOR

BATON ROUGE, LA.—After reading Liberty I file my copies for future reference. The only two places where the date appears on Liberty is the front cover and second sheet. May I offer the suggestion that you please place the date of issue of each magazine on each sheet, so that in picking up a copy it will not be necessary to hunt back to the cover to find the date?

Too, with so many people reading my copy, the cover is sometimes torn off and that leaves the date even harder to find.—*A Reader.*

VERY PROUD TO BE ABLE TO SIGN HIMSELF

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—You caption Mr. C. B. Munson's tirade in December 9 Vox Pop, Mr. Munson Sees Red. Others that have read his letter have seen red also. He calls labor leaders parasites living off the workingman. Will some one living close to him there in New York send the gentleman a dictionary?

A parasite is a nonproducer, while the labor leaders are graduates from the ranks of producers and since the time of graduation have helped to create America's proudest possession, *the highest standard of living on earth.*

Mr. Munson, I am very proud to be able to sign myself—*B. F. Dodge, Vice President, California State Federation of Labor.*

HUA MEANS FLOWERY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—How come you call China the Flowery Kingdom in Liberty's Twenty Questions for December 16? Surely this should be Japan?—*Gilbert & Sullivan.*

[This name is a translation of the Chinese words *Hua* and *Kuo*. *Hua* means flowery or elegant, and *Kuo* kingdom. The term was applied to China by its inhabitants as the most polished and civilized of nations.—THE EDITOR.]

INVITING INSOMNIA

U. S. S. SARATOGA, LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Congratulations on your wonderful magazine. I find that if I buy one and do *not* read it, I save on an average of four hours each week. And four hours for five cents is cheap for one in my position.

Keep up the good work and be sure and have each item timed accurately, so that I can tell how much time I save.—*Industrious.*

B WINS—MORE THAN TWO MILLION

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Will you be kind enough to settle the following argument?

A says Liberty's circulation is less than one million.

B says it is more than a million.

If you hadn't discontinued printing the number of magazines sold each week on your cover this argument would not have arisen.—*Jay (B.).*

MRS. DALL'S HECKLERS, TAKE NOTICE

NOXON, MONT.—Hurrah for Anna Roosevelt Dall! I felt sure that she had something, if only her hecklers would let her give it to us.

Her page for November 11, based on the slogan, "On to Prosperity," was inspiring to women and well worth reading by anybody.

Mrs. Dall's recipes are, like herself, wholesome, sensible, and practically helpful.

It would be disgraceful to think that any one would write her insolent letters because they begrudge her an equal chance with other ambitious young people because of the fact that circumstances have thrust her into the limelight.

It would be a poor way indeed to repay her father for his valiant fight for the people to begrudge his daughter the right to a career of service of her own—to make his service to us a handicap to his children.

As a Roosevelt she has ambitions and talent no doubt, and we wish to thank Liberty for letting us know her better.—*Alice M. Faust.*

AN ENGLISHMAN THINKS AMERICA AND AMERICANS ACES HIGH

FERNDALE, MICH.—I am an Englishman. I have been in this country since I left the Canadian army at the close of the war and have grown to know it as perhaps not all Americans do.

It seems to me that the time has come when you should be again told that, despite all of your talk of crime and racketeers, despite all I hear of graft and corruption, you are the kindliest and greatest people on earth. Look closely at your neighbors or at those with whom you work. Where else on earth can people be found with such tolerance and such lack of class-consciousness?

I have been a good deal around this world, and if some other countries have less crime, they have less understanding; if they do not know what racketeers are, neither do they know that feeling of opportunity and promise open to all that we do here.

Yours is the happiest land in the world to live in.

Be proud of your fellow countrymen!—*Fred J. Wilkins.*

WAS PATRICK HENRY A PLAGIARIST?

SCRAGGY NECK, MASS.—The quotation in which your millions of readers take such comfort, "Liberty or death," was not original with Patrick Henry. He probably filched it from a play written before he was born. I refer to Joseph Addison's Cato, Act II, Scene 4: "Chains or conquest — Liberty or death!"—*Nickerson N. Nickerson.*

FOOTBALL CRAZIER THAN EVER

DES MOINES, IA.—I am a constant reader of your magazine, and I was prompted to write this by an article written by John Hix, entitled Crazy Football, in your December 16 issue. In this article he made an error. He stated that Wyllys Terry, while playing against Wesleyan in 1884, ran 115 yards for a touchdown, which is supposed to be the longest run in history.

Might I inform you that this is not so? The longest run was by a person that I cannot name at present.

It seems that he was near to the enemy goal line and recovered the ball. Becoming mixed up, he ran the wrong way. After running the length of the field and crossing the goal line, he suddenly realized his mistake and circled around the goal posts, to run the full length of the field again to the other goal for a touchdown.

The total run was a distance of 210 or 215 yards. It was over twice the length of the field.—*Leon L. Helm.*

TRANSFERRING JIMMIE DOOLITTLE TO THE ARTILLERY

MONTGOMERY, N. Y.—Reading What Really Happened to the Akron, in December 16 Liberty, I noticed Lieutenant Commander Rosendahl said that when the Akron went down he and two other lighter-than-air officers were at sea in the Pacific.

Grand idea, wasn't it, taking a man with Rosendahl's experience from the lighter-than-air service and putting him on a steel battleship!?

I don't remember having heard of the army transferring Jimmie Doolittle to the artillery.—*Bonnie Crist.*

WOULDN'T IT BE FOOLISH?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Liberty has done excellent work in calling attention to our need for military preparedness. Being caught off our guard at the time we were forced into the World War was a bitter enough lesson. But we do not yet know the horrors of strife within our own borders.

Some people affect to believe that possibility of war does not exist. Yet there are children now learning to talk who were born when China was having her inadequate defenses crushed. Wouldn't it be foolish to call a conference of criminals for the purpose of outlawing crime?

At the time of the late war Germany was a criminal bent on stealing money, land, and power. Who knows when some other nation will suffer similar affliction? Will calling conferences to discuss disarmament prevent a nation gone criminal from making war?

No. As long as we need policemen to protect us individually, we need adequate defenses to protect us as a nation.—*Robert S. Huttenlock.*

THE PLIGHT OF AN ALIEN

HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.—I am an alien legally admitted in 1920. Heretofore I could not conscientiously see my way to become a citizen of this country, inasmuch as personal liberty was trampled on by prohibition enforcement. Now that it has been discarded, I would like to become a citizen. But here is the fly in the ointment. I have not worked at a fixed wage since 1929. Neither have I had any state or federal aid to keep soul and body together. I am a direct (house-to-house) salesman. So you see I haven't kept an American out of a job.

The cost of becoming a citizen is too high for me right now. It would be tantamount to relief or increase my purchasing power to be admitted to citizenship for, say, ten dollars instead of thirty, as is now the case.—*Maurice J. Griffin.*

PRINCESS, WHO TURNS OUT THE LIGHT?

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.—In the December 23 number of Liberty's To the Ladies! Princess Alexandra Kropotkin tells of a doctor putting people to sleep by looking at charts. She has tried it on printed materials and it has been a success.

I want to know this: Who turns out the light after you go to sleep? One can't stare at a chart or print in the dark. I can't afford to let the light burn all night after I fall asleep.

Have her clear this matter up for me, as I have trouble getting to sleep at night.—*Thomas J. McGraw.*

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 12 sec.)

NO wonder Channing Pollock writes exciting plays. Real-life drama follows him around like a pet poodle. Once he ordered his dinner at Shepheard's Hotel in Egypt. The waiter didn't come back, and didn't come back. Mr. Pollock called the *maître d'hôtel.* "Where the blazes has that waiter gone?" stormed Mr. Pollock. "Is he dead, or what?"

"Yes," said the *maître d'hôtel.* "He's dead."

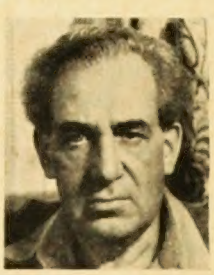
And he was, too. Some enemy had shot him through the heart just as he was preparing to bring in Mr. Pollock's dinner.

Channing Pollock gets about; has traveled 40,000 miles on tramp steamers, knows tramp sea captains the world over. "The best tramp sea cooks," he says, "are ex-convicts escaped from Georgia chain gangs. The worst food I ever tasted out of a tramp ship's galley came from a sea cook who was a Harvard man."

Adventure, as you can see, has given Mr. Pollock plenty of material for the plays and songs and stories that he writes so prolifically. He wrote The Sign on the Door, The Fool, and scores of other hits. Also lyrics for 300 songs. He worked often with the late Victor Herbert—a truly modest man. Herbert once told Pollock, "I'm a good tunesmith, but thirty days after I die no one will remember my name."

How mistaken he was!

Talking with me recently, Channing Pollock spoke of an interesting case that shows how books go globe-trotting. Ten years ago, in Paris, he gave the last copy of his book, The Fool, to Baroness Henri de Rothschild, with an inscription. This year a lawyer wrote to Mr. Pollock saying he had just picked that same book up at a San Francisco auction sale.



Channing Pollock

SEVEN years—no more—can the average woman use heavy make-up (if that's what she wants to use). She can begin at about twenty-three, and she *must* stop at about thirty. This wise warning comes from a French beauty expert. He says: "While heavy make-up is not the most advisable in any case, it should *never* be used by young girls or women of distinct maturity. The older you are, the more careful you must be to have your make-up match the natural tones of your complexion. Vivid splashes of pink will age you by ten years. Powder is also a hazard. No woman of forty should let the powder show. And mature women should have natural eyebrows—plucking is for spring chickens only. And *no* mascara.

"The older woman who *gives herself a mouth,* as we French say—we mean too much lipstick—thereby gives her complexion the worst possible deal."

Just tint the lips, this Parisian expert tells us—never more than that.

WHEN more men than one try simultaneously to marry her, the intelligent girl of today gets in a worse fix than did the simple maiden of earlier times. Besieged by a plurality of suitors, the poor little old-fashioned stupid merely tossed herself into the arms of the one who most appealed to her emotions.

The modern girl is too smart for that. Educated, emancipated, she feels obliged to use her judgment. And that makes a lot of trouble for her. I know this is true, because a young friend of mine is now going through it. She can't decide on a choice of three men who want to marry her.

One is rich but probably too selfish.

Another is handsome but probably too gay.

The third is brilliant but possibly too austere. So my up-to-date friend just can't make up her mind.

Where does love come in? To tell you the truth, I believe that will dictate her decision in the end.

A LADY rushed into a New York shop where secondhand silver is sold. "I want a silver buttonhook with some kind of a pretty handle," she told the clerk.

"We don't keep them," the clerk said. "When we get one, we melt it down for the sake of the silver. Nobody uses buttonhooks any more."

"Oh, don't they?" snapped the lady. "That shows how much you know. I've been running all over New York after a buttonhook for my husband to button up his spats with."

And that's the truth. Spat-wearing men are face to face with a buttonhookless era. Why not zipper spats? say I.

TO girl freshmen studying *charm* at Syracuse University, word has gone out that the slang phrase, "O. K.," is particularly habit-forming and disadvantageous.

Girls who contemplate business careers, says Mrs. Brockway, Syracuse social adviser, ought to shun the insidious "O. K."

Explaining new trends in etiquette, Mrs. Brockway says that the most radical change during the year past is that which sanctions the serving of the hostess last rather than first.

I ENJOYED reading Let's Buy a Farm, by Lewis Graham. Pleasantly significant of these times. (Published by Macaulay.)

Bluecoats

A Short Short Story

By JOSEPH O'BRIEN

(Reading time: 5 minutes 2 seconds.)

"AND here's your loan exhibit for the Children's Room, Connie," said the doctor, taking boxes from his car. "These give a good idea of the commoner winter birds."

Miss Constance, who is her suburb's librarian, thanked him and led us indoors to meet Georgy, the stepbrother from the North Woods who had unexpectedly come to live with her—much to the doctor's disgust.

"He's been blighting her life ever since she grew up," he had told me as he drove me to her bungalow. "She and John Stevens have been engaged for years. She promised her mother on her deathbed to look after this no-good Georgy, so she supports him, and she 'can't let John share such a burden.'"

"And doesn't Georgy do anything?" I had inquired.

"He drinks. He and another prize specimen did run a summer hotel up there, but it failed and last spring it burned down. The only thing I've heard of his having done since was finding Joe Gaines's body. Poor old Joe!"

"Joe Gaines?" I said, not recalling the name.

"A guide and taxidermist—used to be, when I was a kid. He gave me my first lessons in bird-skinning. *He'd* been drinking too, I understand, in his old age; he was down and out, and well over seventy. Still, it's hard to imagine him having a bad fall in those woods."

Georgy was a blight and no mistake; he was loud, lordly, fidgety. The candlelight in Miss Constance's living room showed her sweet face drawn and weary. The loan exhibit from the state museum, of which the doctor is director, was unwrapped—some small glass cases of stuffed birds. On looking into one of them, Georgy jumped. "What the hell!" he ejaculated.

The doctor said, "You don't like blue jays?"

"I'll say I don't! I came down here to get away from 'em—you don't have the damn' things down here, of course. They're forever yelling, yelling. They—they'll warn a deer you're hunting. For gosh sakes, Con, turn those around so I won't have to look at 'em!"

Miss Constance did her best to smooth over the awkward moment. We helped her make conversation. "I believe it was you who found Gaines dead," the doctor observed.

Georgy was still jumpy. "Joe Gaines? Yeh, I did—but why bring him up now?"

"I knew him at one time. My old home is up that way. I gather that some people thought—"

"If they thought it was anything but an accident, they're nutty! The old bum got pie-eyed in the village that day, and he tried to get back to his shack. There's a bridge in the trail—just two logs and some planks. It's a forty-foot drop to the rocks. Toward night I came along and—and noticed him down there. . . . You haven't even got one little drink of any kind, Con?"

She was afraid not, but she had coffee for us and excused herself to get it. While she was out of the room the doctor astonished me. "I have plenty of drinks in my house," he said genially; "some good bourbon. Would you care to make a third for the evening?"

Georgy would be delighted. He could hardly wait.

The doctor's den at home is full of stuffed birds and bird pictures. As he ushered us in he hurriedly faced one picture to the wall.

"What's that?" Georgy demanded. "A blue jay?"

"Nothing of any consequence," said the doctor with a smile, and at once set out a bottle and glasses.

For the first half hour Georgy's bloodshot eyes kept darting to that hidden picture; you could see that he was wild to get a peek at it. Later the whisky took his mind off it—but made him more and more offensive, louder-mouthed. Toward midnight he began yawning. "Feel sleepy," he said. "Firs' time in weeks—ho-*ummh!*"

"I'll be glad to put you up for the night," said the doctor. "I'll telephone Constance you're staying."

"Well—'f you insis'—I'm—I'm sunk."

WE deposited him in a bedroom. When we came downstairs my curiosity got the better of me. "*Is* that a picture of a blue jay? What on earth are you up to?"

"An experiment." He took a pair of pliers from a drawer. "John Stevens is the best friend I have," he said. "He's miserable about Connie and she is about him—and he's forty and she must be thirty-five. If nothing comes of my experiment, which will probably be the case, you'd better know nothing about it."

I was wakened very early by a screeching from the trees outside my windows. I heard Georgy in the next room dash his windows down.

It was blue jays, screaming their blue heads off.

Then came the crack of a shot. The doctor and I burst in to find Georgy dead with a pistol beside him—and a scrawl:

CONSTANCE—I can't stand this—these devils of birds—they were yelling when I knocked that old bum off that bridge and they've been yelling in my ears ever since. Now they've followed me down here. Good-by. G. He caught me setting fire to our hotel for the insurance. I couldn't go on forever giving him money to keep his mouth shut. I had to kill him. G.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Did you know he'd killed him?"

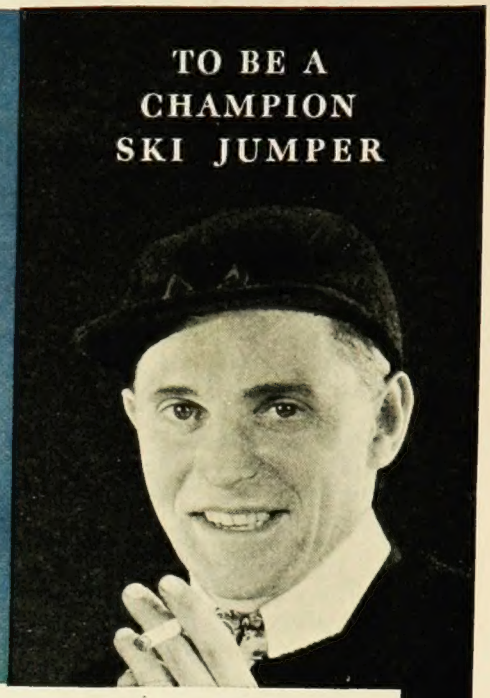
"No. But he had the horrors—and a horror of blue jays. I thought that might be why. It just happened there'd been some blue jays around here mornings lately, feeding. They'll always mob an owl, even a stuffed one."

He led me to a window of his own room. Wired to a branch, but where Georgy could not have seen it, with the frantic jays still shrieking at it, was the biggest stuffed owl from his den.

"Joe Gaines helped me skin that," he said, "long ago. He may have become an old bum and a blackmailer—but this, I should say, is poetic justice."

THE END

It takes Healthy Nerves



ANTON LEKANG—National Ski Jump Champion of the United States, 1932. With over forty titles and trophies behind him, Anton Lekang, a Camel smoker for many years, says: "A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. They never interfere with healthy nerves."

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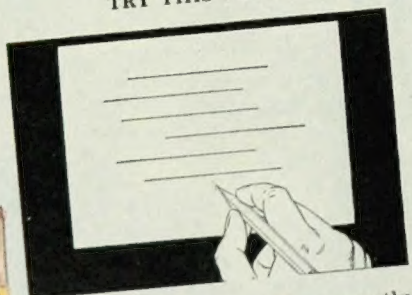
HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?
TRY THIS TEST



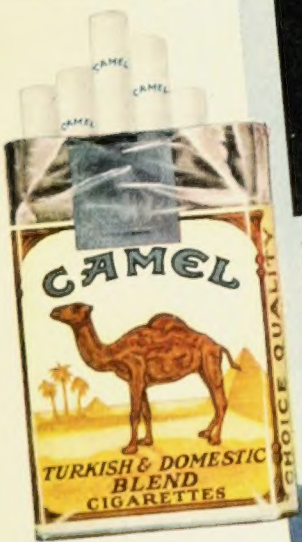
Here is a series of six lines, exactly the same length. Have someone count quickly, one, two, three, four, five, six, while you divide each line exactly in half. Now measure each line with a ruler. What's your score? The average person divides the lines within one-eighth of an inch.

Florence Burnham (Camel smoker), famous woman motorboat racer, divides them within one-sixteenth of an inch.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

It is a fact that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

A MATCHLESS BLEND



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

ANTON LEKANG, winner of over 40 titles and trophies, smokes Camels steadily—without a sign of jangled nerves. He says:

"The most important elements in ski jumping are correct timing and healthy nerves. In fact, they add up to the same thing because you cannot have correct timing *without* healthy nerves. I have been jumping at championship ski-runs for years. And I have smoked Camels steadily for even longer. They are the only cigarette that I don't get tired of. A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. And Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."

Countless thousands are changing to Camels. And they are urging others to join them! Camels *are* milder. They have a rich, satisfying flavor. And they leave your nerves smooth and unruffled.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE